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Enoch Brown Sesqui-Centennial Memorial Services

AUGUST 4, 1914

—AND—

Fort McCord Dedicatory Services

OCTOBER 29, 1914

WITH APPENDIX

**Corporal Ruhl Dedicatory Services, June 22, 1886
List of Subscriptions to Fort McCord Memorial Fund
Cost of Fort McCord Monument**

EDITED BY REV. CYRUS CORT, D. D.



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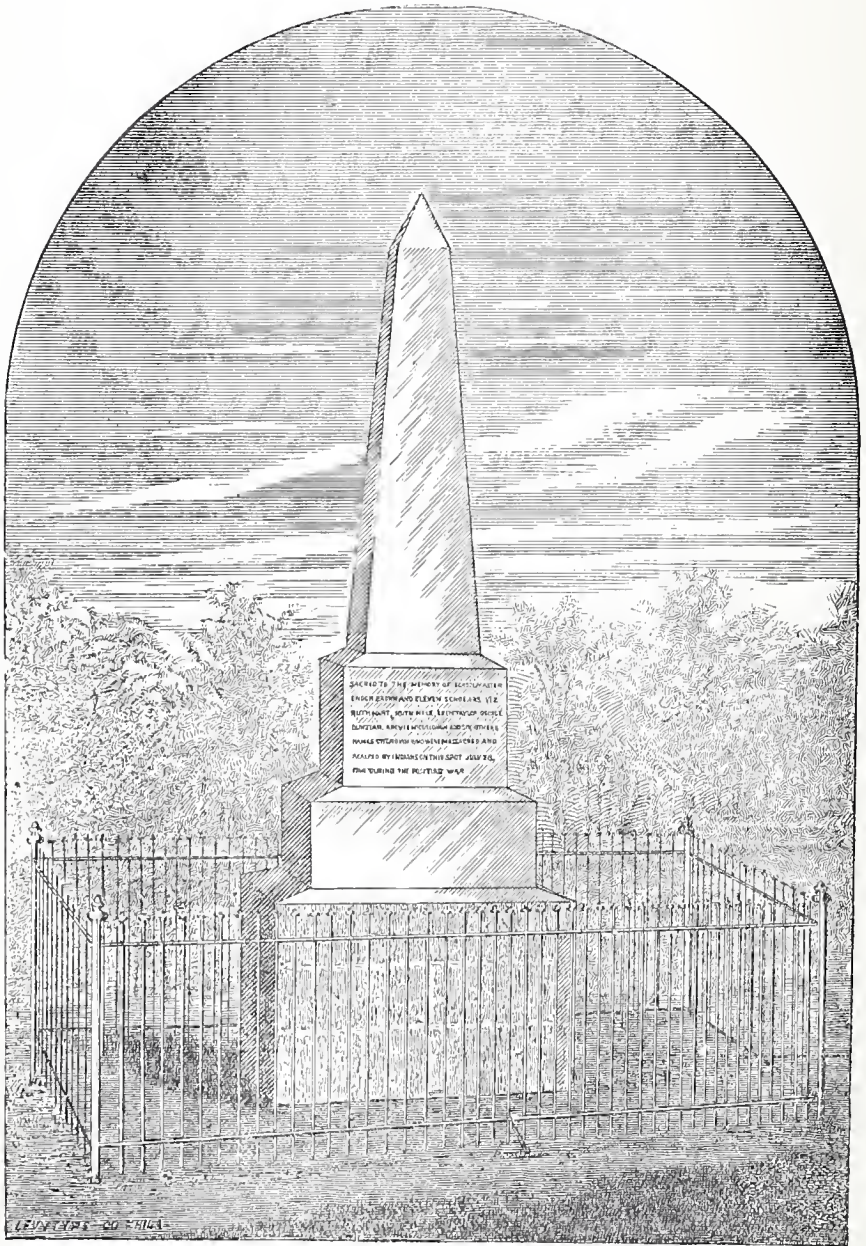
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READING, PA.:
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Monument on Site of Enoch Brown School House, where
Master and Scholars were Slain by Indians, July 26, 1764.

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Enoch Brown Sesqui-Centennial Memorial Services, 1764-1914.

Program as Carried Out, August 4, 1914, at the
Enoch Brown Park.

The members of the Enoch Brown Park and Monument Association extend a cordial invitation to their friends and the public in general to join in the Sesqui-Centennial Memorial Services at the Enoch Brown Park, three miles west of Greencastle, Pa., August 4, 1914. The massacre of Schoolmaster Enoch Brown and scholars occurred July 26, 1764.

As that date comes on Sunday this year, the Memorial Services will be held August 4, 1914. This is the anniversary of the dedication, 29 years ago; also of the exhumation of the remains and the identification of the place of burial, 71 years ago. As the children of many of the public schools of Franklin county, and of some of the Sunday schools, contributed toward the funds of the Association, by request of the Franklin County Centennial Convention, April 22, 1884, it is the wish of the Association that parents shall bring their children along to the Memorial Services.

All good people should unite in revering the memory of the massacred master and scholars who fell as martyrs in the cause of Christian education in pioneer days.

<i>Members of Enoch Brown Association</i>	{	CYRUS CORT, <i>President</i> ,
		ROBERT J. BOYD, <i>Secretary</i> ,
		W. D. DIXON,
		HARRY STRICKLER,
		LINN HARBAUGH.

* <i>Trustees</i>	{	SAMUEL Z. HAWBECKER,
		ROBERT J. BOYD,
		JACOB H. STONER, <i>Treasurer</i> .

ORDER OF SERVICES.

The meeting will be called to order by Chief Marshal Geo. W. Atherton, at 11.10 A. M. After dirges, instrumental and vocal, by the band and children; assisted by a choir, at the site of the school house and common grave of master and scholars, the assemblage will proceed to the speakers' stand in the park nearby.

Prayer, Rev. F. F. Bahner, Chaplain, Waynesboro, Pa.; music, "America"; address, Rev. Dr. Cyrus Cort, President, Overlea, Baltimore county, Md.; music, "The Star-Spangled Banner"; address, Hon. W. Rush Gillan, Chambersburg, Pa.; benediction; recess of an hour for dinner.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Prayer, Rev. Dr. Rose, Mercersburg, Pa.; music, "Maryland, My Maryland"; address, Rev. Dr. J. Spangler Kieffer, Hagerstown, Md.; address, Dr. William Mann Irvine, Headmaster of Mercersburg Academy; music, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past"; address, Prof. George Leslie Omwake, President of Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pa. Dr. Thos. L. Montgomery, member of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission and State Librarian, spoke next. Rev. Dr. George A. Donehoo, Secretary, made the closing address. Rev. Dr. Peightel pronounced the benediction.

HOW TO REACH THE ENOCH BROWN PARK.

The Enoch Brown Park is located between the St. Thomas and Williamson roads. It can be reached by either route. Handboards will be erected to notify visitors at turning points. The Cumberland Valley Railroad trains are due at Greencastle from Harrisburg, etc., at 9.54 A. M., and from Martinsburg, Hagerstown, etc., at 9.24 A. M. The South Penn Branch trains from Chambersburg and Marion are due at Stone Bridge at 10.14 A. M., and from Mercersburg, etc., at 8.32 A. M. Stone Bridge is only a fifteen minutes' walk from the park. The Cumberland Valley Railroad will sell tickets good for two days at two cents per mile. Hacks and automobiles will convey passengers from Greencastle, Williamson and Stone Bridge stations

at reasonable rates. Parties expecting to use them had better communicate with Geo. W. Atherton at Chambersburg, Thomas W. Brendle at Greencastle, or Samuel Z. Hawbecker at Williamson a day or two in advance of the meeting. These gentlemen will also furnish copies of this circular to persons desiring to notify or invite friends from a distance.

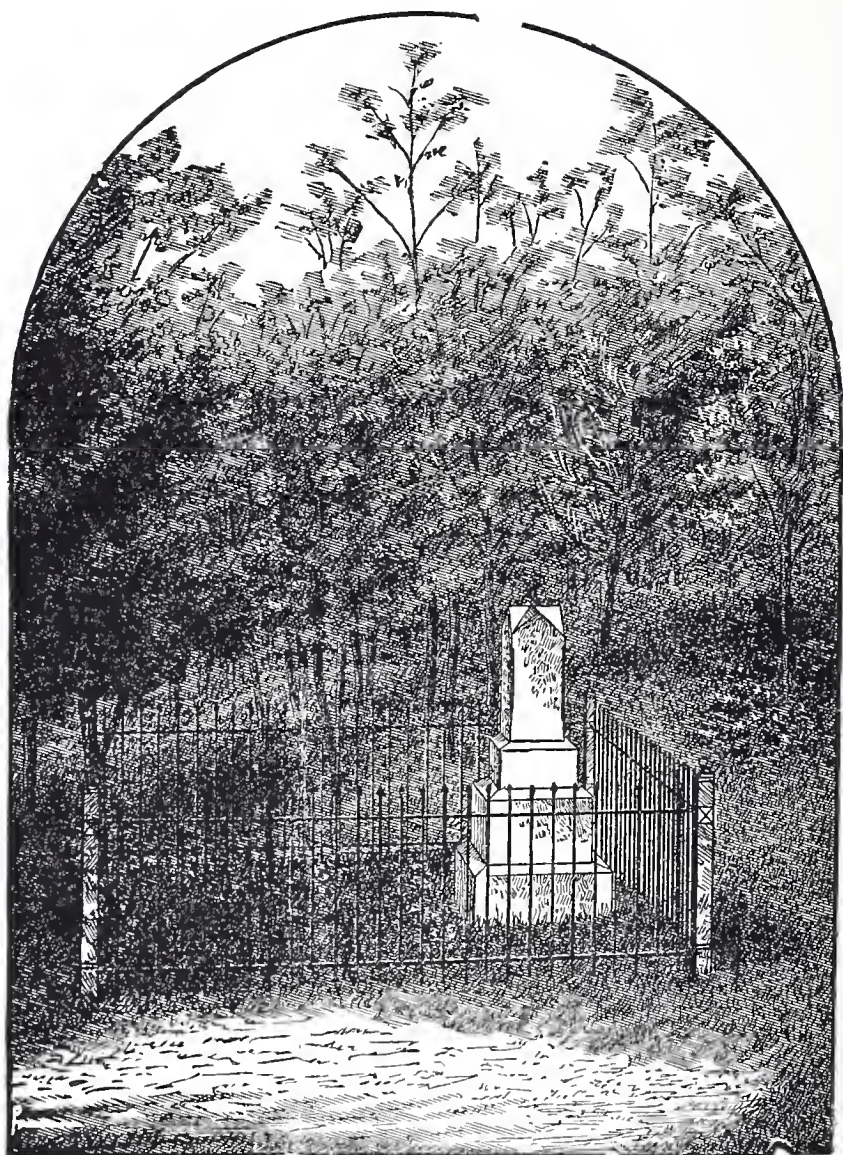
As Old Home Week at Greencastle begins a few days after the Memorial Services, many former residents of Old Antrim will come in time to attend both, if duly informed. Restaurant and lunch counter arrangements, with lemonade, ice cream, etc., will be at the park for all who may not care to take along supplies for the picnic dinner. Rev. Dr. C. Cort will be master of ceremonies.

The following list of officers has been selected by the Enoch Brown Association, and are requested to be on hand promptly at half-past ten o'clock, August 4, 1914. The marshals will be provided with badges.

Vice Presidents.—G. Fred Ziegler, William Snyder, Seth Dickey, A. Bruce Lauderbaugh, H. B. Angle, John H. Hawk, E. B. Diehl, C. M. Deatrick, C. C. Geiwicke, John W. Bossart, Charles Walters, George A. Wood, John G. Orr, T. J. Brereton, Rev. I. N. Peightel, Joseph R. Davison, William G. Davison, Harry Byron, Dr. Clinton D. W. Miller.

Marshals.—George W. Atherton, Chief; Thos. W. Brendle, William Deatrick, J. Edgar Young, Charles B. Carl, Baker Barnhart, Frank Hade, James P. McCullough, Dr. C. H. McLaughlin, H. H. Spangler, Chalmers Omwake, C. C. Kauffman, Dr. Clarence Chirtzman, Samuel Beckwith, John A. Diehl, Elmer J. Cook, William S. Hassler.

Secretaries.—Charles H. Clippinger, Miss Lilian Rutrauff, Mrs. Agnes Cort Dutrow, Luther Shetrow, George Heck, Professor Finafrock, William J. Patton, Miss Sarah E. Bossart.



Monument on Site of Grave of Enoch Brown and Scholars.

DESCRIPTION OF MEMORIAL SERVICES.

The Enoch Brown Sesqui-Centennial.

The services in commemoration of the One Hundred and Fiftieth (150th) Anniversary of the Massacre of Enoch Brown and Scholars, during the Pontiac War of 1764, came off in splendid style according to the unanimous sentiment of all who were present.

The day was balmy, and at a very early hour people on foot, in carriages and automobiles were wending their way to the Enoch Brown Park, three miles northwest of Greencastle, Pa. The estimates of experienced judges placed the visitors during the day at over 2,000. It was a very notable assemblage in point of character as well as numbers.

About eleven o'clock Rev. Dr. Cyrus Cort placed a myrtle wreath upon the monument on the site of the school house where the master and scholars were slain and scalped by blood-thirsty savages 150 years ago. He said that as Enoch Brown was a Christian school-master and was slain at the post of duty, while reading the Bible to his scholars, it was eminently proper that these memorial services should partake of a religious as well as a patriotic character. The Pan Piper Musical Club, of Greencastle, then sang the beautiful hymn, "There's a Friend for Little Children Above the Bright Blue Sky," etc.

The audience then proceeded to the common grave of Enoch Brown and scholars, where another myrtle wreath, prepared, like the other, by Agnes Cort Dutrow and Catherine Clippinger, was placed upon the monument. The choir then sang the hymn composed by Dr. Henry Harbaugh on the infant martyrs slain by King Herod at Bethlehem,

"Jesus, holy Child from heaven,
Thou for children wast a Child," etc.

The assemblage then proceeded to the speakers' stand amid scores of graceful pine trees in the four-and-a-half acre park a few rods distant, where the remaining memorial services took place in the presence of a very attentive audience that paid marked attention from the beginning to the close of the lengthy program. Dr. Bahner, the chaplain for the morning services, offered the opening prayer.

Prayer of Rev. F. F. Bahner, D. D.

Almighty, eternal, all-wise and most merciful God, we acknowledge ourselves to be Thine offspring, for Thou didst go out of Thyself in the beginning, through the eternal Word, Thine only-begotten and well-beloved Son, and didst create us in Thine own image and for Thyself. But we rejoice that in a still more intimate and precious sense we are Thy children, through Thine abounding grace toward us in Jesus Christ, the incarnate Word, and that in Him we can come to Thee at this time again, and hold sweet communion with Thee in prayer. We praise Thee that we are here at all at this time. We adore Thee for prolonging our lives, and for permitting us, in such large numbers, to assemble ourselves in this grove to-day, to engage in these commemorative services. In our unworthiness, our short-sightedness and helplessness we commit ourselves into Thy gracious care and keeping. We beseech Thee by Thy Holy Spirit to influence and control all the desires of our hearts, all the thoughts of our minds, all the words of our lips, and all our outward acts, to the end that this occasion may issue in glory to Thy name, and result in great and lasting profit to us all.

Our heavenly Father, Thou knowest that the thought foremost and uppermost in all our minds, as we stand before Thee here, is concerning Thy servant, our brother, by whom the movement was inaugurated, more than a quarter of a century ago, which, under Thy blessing, then already led to the marking, by means of appropriate monuments, of the site upon which we are now assembled, where the tragic event occurred

whose one hundred and fiftieth anniversary we are observing at this time. We thank Thee for his long, earnest, self-sacrificing and useful life in behalf of every good word and work among us. We rejoice before Thee in the gratifying measure of success with which Thou hast crowned his efforts in bringing to the light of day, and placing on permanent record, important historical facts connected not only with this immediate community, but with other places in our beloved commonwealth, and even with other states of this great nation. And we thank Thee for all those Thy servants whom Thou didst raise up, and whom Thou didst move, in the years that are gone, to follow the leadership of Thy servant, and to give him the sympathy, encouragement and help which enabled him to carry to a successful conclusion the project that lay so near his heart, and to accomplish the results over which we all rejoice with him on this occasion.

Most merciful God and Father, as we stand today upon ground forever hallowed by the sacrifice of precious human lives in the interests of Christian education, and of a higher and purer form of civilization than ever prevailed in our country before that time, we gratefully call to mind our whole system of common public schools, of which the primitive educational efforts on this spot were a forerunner, and for which they helped to prepare the way. As we here revert in our thoughts to the time when Thy servant, a man of high and noble principles, and of deep piety, daily gathered about him, in a log school house, the children dwelling in the surrounding forests, then inhabited by wild beasts, and occasionally traversed by yet fiercer and more savage men, at whose hands, on the day which we now commemorate, both he and they were ruthlessly slain, we thank Thee for all our institutions of learning, of various grades and kinds, which have sprung from such humble beginnings. We beseech Thee to bless our universities and colleges, our theological seminaries, our schools for young men and women, and, especially, our common and high schools. Through their agency, under Thy favor, may noble specimens of Christian manhood and womanhood be de-

veloped out of the possibilities that lie slumbering in the youth of our land, so that our nation may become increasingly great and powerful, by virtue of the moral worth and excellence of all our people. Increase, we pray Thee, our devotion to exalted intellectual, moral and spiritual ideals, amid our rapidly growing population and our marvelous material resources, so that we may become an example of the highest type of Christian civilization to all the world.

And, O Thou King of all kings and Lord of all lords, into whose hands have been committed all authority and power in heaven and on earth, we yet pray Thee, with whom all things are possible, if it be in accordance with Thy holy purposes in reference to the highest ultimate human well-being, that Thou wouldst even yet cause forces to become operative that shall arrest the present warlike movements among several of the great nations of the world, and restore peace and quiet where now strife and tumult prevail. O Thou, at whose birth the angels above Bethlehem's plain sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men," hasten the day, we beseech Thee, when all kindreds and people under the whole heavens shall own Thy Father to be their common Father also, and shall feel themselves bound together in Thee as members of a great human brotherhood. O Thou, who art the Prince of Peace, so overrule all human events that the happy era may soon be ushered in when the children of men shall no longer seek the slightest pretext for getting even with, and for getting the better of, each other, but when they shall love one another, even as Thou hast ever loved them all. And unto Thee, adorable, true and only Son of God, together with the Father and the Holy Spirit, we will ascribe present and unceasing praises. Amen.

**Address of Rev. Dr. Cyrus Cort at the Enoch Brown Park,
August 4, 1914.**

THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL (150TH) ANNIVERSARY MEMORIAL SERVICES OF THE MASSACRE OF SCHOOLMASTER BROWN AND SCHOLARS DURING THE PONTIAC WAR.

MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is proper, in the first place, that a brief resume should be given at this time of the official doings of our Enoch Brown Association since its appointment thirty years ago, April 22d, 1884, by the Franklin County Centennial Convention, assembled in Chambersburg.

In our published pamphlet soon after the dedication, 29 years ago, August 4, 1885, we gave a full account of our doings up to that time, including the addresses and other memorial services on that very interesting occasion.

I stated that although we had received less than \$1500 instead of the \$2000 promised us by the Franklin County Convention, we had bought the Park containing nearly 20 acres, erected the monuments over the sites of the school house and common grave of master and scholars, with iron fences around the monuments, and had paid for the same in full out of the funds received.

The report of Treasurer Dr. A. H. Strickler, five months after the dedication, shows that after all bills had been settled, \$52.52 remained in our Enoch Brown treasury. How does it happen then that after the lapse of over 30 years we have nearly as much money in our treasury as we started with as custodians of the Enoch Brown funds?

In the first place we realized several hundred dollars from the sale of surplus land which we bought because it was cheaper to do that and throw it open to the public road, which we had laid out on the north side, than to buy four or five acres in the centre of the field containing the site of the school house, grave and spring and enter into a bond to keep a good fence around it for all coming time. Then by our importunity

we obtained \$130 of the \$335 railroad rebate which had never been paid over to our Enoch Brown fund by the Centennial Executive Committee out of the \$758 given by the railroads for that purpose. We realized something from the sale of wood, Enoch Brown Memorial Pamphlets and from hucksters who attended Sunday school picnics at the Park in 1886 and 1887.

Our expenses were few. Iron fences had to be repainted occasionally and ruts filled up to prevent the creation of gutters. The funds thus secured were safely invested by our faithful treasurer, Dr. A. H. Strickler, and accruing interest added from year to year. After nine years of service as president of the Association I moved to another state, which necessitated my resignation as a member of the Association, because, according to the Articles of Incorporation, which I had drawn up, only residents of Franklin county could serve as members.

At that time, May 22, 1893, the funds had already accumulated to \$687.25. Prof. G. Fred. Ziegler was chosen as my successor. On August 4, 1898, six years after my departure, I met Captain Robert J. Boyd at the Park with proxies of the other members of the Association. On the strength of reliable information secured from Miss Nettie Irwin, of New Albany, Indiana, confirmed by records of Franklin and Cumberland county courts, we were convinced that two Dean boys, brothers of her great-grandmother, were among the victims of the massacre, unknown to us when we erected the monuments. Accordingly we took action to have their names added, which was done later on at considerable expense.

It was a sad coincidence that two grand-aunts of Miss Nettie Irwin were massacred by Indians in Kentucky in 1781. Fourteen settlers, who went in pursuit of the savages, were ambushed and slain. About thirty-six years ago the state of Kentucky erected a monument on the farm of an aunt of Miss Irwin, sixteen miles from Louisville, Ky., in honor of these brave pioneer settlers who lost their lives in a gallant effort to rescue friends and neighbors and drive back savage marauders.

In response to the entreaties of Prof. Ziegler I finally consented to resume my position as a member and president of the Association, provided the charter was changed to allow that step. Action to this effect was taken, so that when the Enoch Brown Association held its annual meeting, August 4th, 1909, the resignation of Prof. Ziegler was accepted and I was re-elected a member and president of the Association. The charter was also changed so as to allow us to devote surplus funds toward marking other places in Franklin county of historic character consecrated by the blood of pioneer settlers. Two such events seemed to challenge our special attention. These were the reputed massacre of two Renfrew girls near Waynesboro and the capture of Fort McCord, where twenty-seven pioneer settlers, men, women and children, were either ruthlessly slain or carried into captivity by Indian savages during the French and Indian War of 1755-1760. Our Enoch Brown Association offered to give \$250 toward each of these memorial projects if the citizens of Waynesboro and of Franklin county would contribute a like amount.

Our efforts in behalf of the Renfrew Memorial have not been successful thus far after spending a good deal of time and money. When we sought to identify the place of their burial some of their distant kinsfolk objected after having previously given their consent. Then the utter absence of any reference to the Renfrew massacre in all of the periodicals published in Pennsylvania and Maryland in provincial times made the meagre traditional account of the affair seem rather unreliable.

The case is far different in regard to the Enoch Brown and Fort McCord massacres. I found ample records during my three weeks' examination of the Pennsylvania and Maryland Gazettes of 1755 to 1765 of both of these massacres. Important historical data has been secured in regard to about fifty victims who were killed or wounded in connection with the Fort McCord affair which occurred April 1st, 1756, on the farm now owned by J. W. Bossart, eight miles west of Chambersburg, at the foot of the North Mountain. Not only was that event of paramount importance in Colonial history, but the \$250 proposal

of our Enoch Brown Association has been duplicated by reliable pledges of public spirited citizens of Franklin county in response to the recent efforts of Miss Sarah E. Bossart, Samuel Z. Hawbecker and myself. We are glad to have with us today Drs. Donehoo and Montgomery, of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission, with whom we expect to visit the site of Fort McCord tomorrow. As a result we hope to have the state of Pennsylvania duplicate the \$500 thus pledged by our Enoch Brown Association and the citizens of Franklin county. At no distant date we hope to have you all present at the dedication of the monument on the site of Fort McCord.

The members of our Enoch Brown Association feel that they have special reason of thankfulness to a gracious providence because of the gratifying success that has attended our memorial work as seen in this beautiful Park and enduring granite monuments. It is safe to say that no other public enterprise in the Cumberland Valley, or even in our country at large, has ever been carried forward with greater economy and success.

We have great reason of thankfulness also to our heavenly Father for sparing the lives of our committee without a break in our membership for over twenty-six years.

At the first meeting (1910) after my re-election Dr. Strickler was present and reported the sum of \$1397.82 in the treasury. Before another meeting he had passed away. His son Harry was elected to take his father's place as a member of the Association and Jacob H. Stoner, cashier of the People's Bank of Waynesboro, elected successor as trustee and treasurer.

Shortly before our annual meeting in 1913 Judge D. W. Rowe was also called away after manifesting an unusual interest in our memorial work during the last three years of his life.

On the unanimous recommendation of the Executive Committee of the Kittochtinny Historical Society, Linn Harbaugh, esq., was chosen as his successor. Samuel Z. Hawbecker had been previously chosen as trustee in place of Col. B. Frank Winger, deceased. Capt. Boyd, our faithful secretary, Gen. W. D. Dixon and myself remain as members of the original

committee appointed April 22nd, 1884, by the Franklin County Centennial on motion of Col. George B. Wiestling, of Mont Alto.

Twenty-nine years ago to-day we dedicated this Park and these monuments in the presence of several thousand people who seemed greatly to enjoy the memorial services. George W. Ziegler presided. He was one of the few remaining veterans who had helped to exhume the remains forty-two years before and identify the place where Schoolmaster Brown and scholars were buried in a common grave.

Colonel B. Frank Winger was Chief Marshal. Not only on dedication day, but during all the trying ordeal of securing funds by personal gifts and solicitations were they a tower of strength to the cause when others were throwing obstacles in our way. The same is true of Colonel George B. Wiestling, whose health prevented him from being with us, but who sent us a splendid letter of congratulation and a check for twenty dollars on dedication day.

Mr. Ziegler also gave me valuable aid in preparing the manuscript book containing the names of all the contributors to the Enoch Brown Memorial Fund, including hundreds of public school and Sunday School children. That book gives a history of the massacre and entire memorial movement and is on file in the Recorder's office in Chambersburg. Coupled with our published history of the dedicatory services it forms a very important part of our memorial work. Copies of the latter have gone to all parts of our land and to foreign lands.

Of the speakers who took part in the services twenty-nine years ago, Peter A. Witmer, Dr. Egle and poet John M. Cooper are gone. Dr. Woods and myself have come down from that former generation with our Morituri Salutamus, to sing our Swan Song, so to speak before we cross over the river to rest under the shade of the trees, as Stonewall Jackson put it in his last hours. So much for the business and personal affairs of the Enoch Brown Association for 30 years.

A Plea for Cultivation of Ideal Sentiment.

MY CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:

It affords me peculiar pleasure to meet and greet you on this memorable occasion. We meet not to celebrate, but to commemorate, the massacre of Enoch Brown and scholars on this spot one hundred and fifty years ago. Here was enacted the saddest and most pathetic tragedy of the terrible Pontiac War of 1763-1764. In my dedicatory address, twenty-nine years ago today, I quoted Parkman as stating in his history of Pontiac that the massacre of Enoch Brown and scholars was an outrage unmatched in its fiendlike atrocity in all the annals of the terrible Pontiac War. I stated also that in all human history only one similar massacre had taken place. Over 2,000 years before this massacre a band of blood-thirsty Thracian soldiers had wantonly butchered the teacher and scholars belonging to a boys' school at Megalissus in Greece during the Pelloponessian War.

I have always regarded it as a religious and patriotic duty to remember the days of old and cherish the memory of heroic men and women who laid the foundations of church and state in this land of constitutional liberty and law.

Especially does it behoove us, my countrymen, to revere and perpetuate the memory of the brave men and women of pioneer days who carved out homes for themselves and their posterity from the wilderness of this new world amid savage beasts and savage men. By their toils and sacrifices they made the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose. We enjoy the fruits of their labors and owe them an everlasting debt of gratitude.

Pennsylvania has been slow, alas! too slow in discharging this sacred obligation. New England is studded with monumental structures and memorial tablets rehearsing events of Colonial times and the services of public benefactors. This is right and proper. It not only helps to pay a debt due worthy pioneer ancestors, but it has a good educational influence on coming generations, as Horatio Seymour wrote me thirty years ago. It leads posterity to study the achievements of a noble

ancestry and stimulates them to emulate their devoted efforts to promote the public welfare. Americans as a class have been too much devoted to the worship of Mammon. As the distinguished Mr. Bryce, recent Ambassador of England, remarked in one of his latest addresses, "The greatest need of America now is more poets." We need writers who will throw a halo of romantic sentiment around historic scenes and events, and lead our people to cherish lofty ideals of truth and duty as much above the sordid scramble after filthy lucre as the heavens are above the earth. As Daniel Webster argued at Bunker Hill, we need to cultivate "sentiment and imagination" more than we have done in the interests both of genuine religion and patriotism. By so doing we at the same time secure most desirable practical results. It was this blending of sentiment with logical argument that enabled Webster to make his immortal, unanswerable reply to Colonel Hayne in behalf of our starry flag and an inseparable union of states. And when the shadows of death were closing in upon him at his Marshfield home he gave ideal expression to his feelings by quoting from Gray's *Elegy*, "The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day," etc.

Not only statesmen and patriotic philanthropists, but most gifted and gallant warriors have been animated thus on the eve of their grandest achievements.

When General James Wolfe was floating down the St. Lawrence on the night before he scaled the heights of Abraham, he quoted that entire poem of Gray to the officers in his barge and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I would rather be the author of those lines than take Quebec." One of the lines quoted was prophetic of his own fate in the moment of victory, "The path of glory leads but to the grave." But Wolfe seemed to think that the poet was more to be envied and honored than the hero whose gallant deeds he records in words that breathe and thoughts that burn.

And have we not a vivid illustration of the potency of poetic sentiment confronting us now in the splendid Centennial Celebration to take place at my Maryland home in the Monu-

mental City on the twelfth of next month (September 12th, 1914)?

Francis Scott Key and his national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner," will receive such memorial ovations as have never been accorded to the greatest of earth's military heroes. The poem not only immortalized Francis Scott Key, but Fort McHenry and Baltimore at the same time, so that, after 100 years of wonderful history and marvellous progress, thousands of patriotic pilgrims from all parts of our ocean-bound Republic will flock to the scene where the gifted poet caught his inspiration. Baltimore business men are shrewd enough to realize that Fort McHenry and the "Star Spangled Banner" are not the least valuable of its material or financial assets. Several hundred thousand dollars are being expended to add proper eclat to this grand memorial occasion.

So, in like manner, the staid old town of Frederick has been raised from comparative obscurity by the poet Whittier's ode on "Barbara Fritchie" and given not only a national, but an international renown to the home of a typical patriotic union loving, Southern woman taught in the school of Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay, who dared to wave the stars and stripes in the face of a hostile foe. It is true that the poet was misinformed in regard to Stonewall Jackson's connection with the affair, but recent investigations have demonstrated that his description was essentially correct and Barbara Fritchie was deserving of all the praise given her by the Quaker poet.

At a banquet given the Pennsylvania State Commission at Pittsburgh, May 8, 1914, by the Western Pennsylvania Historical Society, interesting addresses were made by Senator Sproul, Attorney General W. U. Hensel, Rev. Dr. Donohue, W. H. Stevenson and Dr. Montgomery of that commission in favor of marking scenes relating to pioneer days.

The Redoubt, built at the Forks of the Ohio by Colonel Henry Bouquet in 1764, they spoke of as one of the most valued historic treasures possessed by the Iron City after the lapse of 150 years. It came near being destroyed by so-called modern improvements some years ago, and was saved from the capacious

maw of the Pennsylvania Railroad by the persistent efforts of the Daughters of the American Revolution. One of the speakers at that notable banquet was Prof. Hulburt, of Marietta University, Ohio. He said that prolonged study of history of pioneer days had convinced him that Pennsylvania surpassed all other states in the number and character of massacres that occurred within her borders by Indian savages.

The privations, sufferings and sacrifices of the early settlers of our Keystone Commonwealth during the French and Indian Wars of 1755 to 1758 and Pontiac War of 1763-4 have never been adequately described by historians. A year ago I spent a couple of weeks examining files of the Maryland Gazette and of the Pennsylvania Gazette published in Colonial times at Annapolis, Md., and Philadelphia, Pa. I continued this work while serving as Chaplain of the Maryland House of Delegates this spring. No region of our land endured greater hardships than the Conococheaque settlements in the Cumberland Valley. The ravages of Indian savages during the Pontiac War reached their horrible climax in the massacre of Schoolmaster Enoch Brown and scholars, July 26th, 1764. Ten days after that shocking event Col. Bouquet received Colonial reinforcements for which he had vainly pleaded the year before. After his great victory at Bushy Run, August 6th, 1763, he begged for three hundred provincial troops to reinforce his German-Swiss Royal Americans and Scotch Highlanders, so that he might drive the Indian savages across the Mississippi River. Benjamin Franklin alone seems to have favored Bouquet's request. His very reasonable request was denied, and massacres of frontier settlers continued, culminating in that of master and scholars, which we commemorate today. Then he received aid from Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland, which enabled him to penetrate into the wilderness haunts of the Red Men on the Muskingum river, and compelled the Confederates of Pontiac to sue for peace. This was granted on condition that all captives taken during the past ten years should be returned to their Christian homes. The *Maryland Gazette* states that accounts were received of 367 such captives. As it was late in the season and

a deep snow fell in the very beginning of the winter of 1764-5, some of these were not returned until the following Spring. 116 Pennsylvanians and 100 Virginians were brought back by the army. Their names I copied a few months ago, including that of John McCullough, captured by French and Indians, a few miles southwest of here, July 26, 1756, exactly eight years before the massacre of Enoch Brown and scholars. So also the name of Mary McCord and others captured April 1st, 1756, at Fort McCord, is in the list. Historians are beginning to recognize the value of the services of Colonel Henry Bouquet as the right hand man of General Forbes in capturing Fort Duquesne in 1758, as the victorious commander in the Bushy Run battle of August 6, 1763, and in settling the Pontiac War in the Fall of 1764, 150 years ago. They rank him not only as the best military man of Colonial times, but as the most judicious British official in his dealings with the civil authorities of the various provinces. They go so far as to intimate that if he had lived, the War of American Independence would never have occurred or been indefinitely postponed. Be that as it may, his campaign into the Ohio wilderness immediately after the Enoch Brown massacre put an end to Indian ravages, which desolated the Cumberland Valley homes for ten long and dreary years. We owe him and his German-Swiss Royal Americans, his Scotch Highlanders and Provincial troops a boundless debt of gratitude. He not only brought peace and tranquility to this magnificent Cumberland Valley, but he was mainly instrumental in establishing Christian civilization and Anglo-Saxon supremacy in the great Mississippi Valley. These pioneer settlers were God-fearing people, many of whom left the best lands of Europe to seek a home in this new world, where they could worship God according to the dictates of an enlightened conscience. They bore the brunt of savage warfare in its most dreadful forms. Their trials and privations and the heroic services of their defenders deserve to be embalmed in story and song and to be engraved in the granite rock forever as an inspiration to the coming generations.

We hear much from Gifford Pinchot and others in regard to the great importance of conserving our natural resources of timber, coal, waterpower, etc. I saw hundreds of delegates from all parts of our land wrestle earnestly with that problem at the great Conservation Congress in Washington last winter.

I had the honor of casting the vote of the Maryland delegation for the Pinchot amendments.

Of no less value and importance to our country is the conservation of our historical resources. Other parts of Pennsylvania surpass this great Cumberland Valley in mineral wealth, in coal, iron and other natural resources.

But nowhere can be found greater historical resources relating to pioneer days whose proper development will be an inspiration and benediction to coming generations.

As this Conococheague settlement felt the horrors of savage warfare above other localities, and furnished a greater host of innocent martyrs in pioneer days, so does it accord with the eternal fitness of things that it should lead the van in the work of commemoration.

Our Enoch Brown Park and monuments, the Corporal Rihl monument and the completion of our Fort McCord Memorial project will help greatly in giving us this honorable distinction. Let the good work go on. Fort McDowell, at Bridgeport, a great rendezvous during the Braddock campaign of 1755, etc.; Fort Loudon, which figured extensively in the Forbes campaign and Bouquet campaigns of 1758, etc, and every spot consecrated by the blood of pioneer martyrs, should be designated by memorial tablets. The sooner this is done, the better. Had not this Enoch Brown Memorial work been done, when it was done with Susan Koser and brother to identify the site of the school house and George W. Ziegler, General Deatrich and Captain Diehl to identify the place of burial, the memorial work could never have been done in any satisfactory manner, if at all. It is high time that this grand old Keystone state should seek to conserve its priceless historic treasures by rescuing from oblivion the memory of pioneer martyrs. Our Enoch Brown Association is ready to

lead in this memorial work, but, as heretofore, we need your generous support to make it a grand success. Will you help us, sons and daughters of Franklin county?

I am thankful that the Franklin County Centennial Convention of April 22nd, 1884, appointed me chairman of a distinguished and efficient committee to mark the common grave of Enoch Brown and scholars and the site of the humble school house hallowed by the blood of innocent martyrs. Like a band of loyal and loving brothers, without discord in our councils or labors, during over thirty years we have striven to realize the sacred trust committed to us.

We believe that we have rescued from oblivion one of the most interesting and pathetic historic shrines anywhere to be found in this broad land. The poetic sentiment, written months before the monuments were erected, was realized on Dedication Day, 29 years ago:

“The ground is holy where they fell
And where their mingled ashes lie,
Ye Christian people mark it well
With granite column strong and high.”

May that other stanza, engraven with it on the south side of the monument, ever find a responsive echo in the hearts of all good people in this community:

“And cherish well forevermore
The storied wealth of early years,
The sacred legacies of yore,
The toils and trials of pioneers.”

The “Star Spangled Banner” was sung at the close of Dr. Cort’s address by the Glee Club and audience standing. Judge W. R. Gillan then spoke as follows:

Address of Hon. W. Rush Gillan.

MY FRIENDS:

I deem it a great honor to have a place on this program. We come here today, not to rejoice, not to celebrate, but to commemorate. On this spot innocent school children, with

their teacher, were the victims of the savagery of the then denizens of the forest.

It was on a bright July morning one hundred and fifty years ago that a band of prowling Indians, without warning, silently approached the rude log school house where Enoch Brown, the teacher, was endeavoring to teach and train the children of the neighborhood in those things which would prepare them for a part in the making of a new nation which was just about to be born into the family of nations of the world. This sacrificing of innocent lives, this shedding of innocent blood, has rendered the spot sacred and endeared it forever to those who have any sort of appreciation of the struggle for liberty which existed on this continent during the eighteenth century, and which culminated in establishing here a nation whose flag floats proudly as emblematic of freedom and liberty—a nation whose sword has never been drawn in conquest, but whenever drawn has been drawn solely in defence of the nation's rights and in aid of the oppressed or in furtherance of human liberty and greater freedom.

Some years ago a number of patriotic gentlemen established beyond peradventure of doubt the identity of the spot where this massacre took place; and here, twenty-nine years ago this day, a monument was unveiled on which is inscribed briefly the history of the events connected with that awful tragedy. Here generations yet unborn will come to contemplate and be reminded of the great hardships of our Colonial forbears. Here will they, by a study of these scenes, these surroundings and these occurrences, be brought to a more lively realization of the great and mighty struggle which gave us a nation of free men, each at liberty to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, "under his own vine and fig tree, with none daring to hinder or molest." This monument was made possible by the generous contributions of the school children of this county. The one man, however, who worked in season and out of season, whose energy, push and patriotic endeavor secured the monument and laid out this Park and beautified these grounds, was the Rev. Dr. Cyrus

Cort, then of Greencastle, Pa., now of Baltimore, Md. Although his locks have whitened and his form has become slightly bent, his mind is as bright and his voice as clear as it was in the days of yore, as you who have just heard him must fully realize. We are happy to know that he can be here. It is said that when Daniel Webster lay dead in his beautiful home at Marshfield, so ardent was the desire of all the countryside to look upon the remains of their dead friend that the casket containing the body was carried out and placed in the shade of a great elm, when, in a continuous procession, all the people of the neighborhood passed by. One sturdy old farmer, passing by the bier, laid his hand on Webster's head and said: "The world will seem lonely without you, Daniel." So any commemorative exercises at Enoch Brown Park would seem lonely without Dr. Cort. Dr. Cort, not content with marking the site of the Enoch Brown massacre only, is making efforts to mark other places of historical interest within the county. There are many such. Pennsylvania has been very derelict in this regard. If one visits Massachusetts, he will find at almost every turn of the road, especially about the city of Boston, a monument marking a place of some important historical event. This county is rich in history. Many things occurred here which have important relation to our national history. There was a chain of forts in this county. There was: Fort Chambers, at Chambersburg; Fort Davis, near Clay Lick; Fort Maxwell, near Welsh Run; Fort Loudoun, near the village of Fort Loudon, from which, unfortunately, modernists have stripped the letter "u"; Fort McDowell, at which is now the village of Markes; Fort Steel, near Church Hill; Fort McConnell, near Upper Strasburg, and doubtless many others. The site of not one of these forts has been marked. Indeed, the only place in the county connected with our Colonial history which has been marked is the massacre of Enoch Brown and the school children. A monument of native stone has been erected in the gorge of the mountain near Mercersburg, where James Buchanan, the only Pennsylvanian who ever reached the exalted position of President of the United States, was born; this was at the ex-

pense of his relatives, and the ground on which it stands conveyed to the State of Pennsylvania, which assumed the care of it and committed it to the Department of Forestry. For some reason it has been sadly neglected, and the road leading to it has become so that it can scarcely be traveled. Of course, it was very thoughtless of Mr. Buchanan to allow himself to be born in such an out-of-the-way place; he should have seen to it that he was born along a great highway. By the energy of the Grand Army Post at Greencastle the place where the first Federal soldiers fell on Northern soil during the Civil War, at the Fleming farm on the road leading from Greencastle to Chambersburg, has been marked by a substantial monument. The place where Captain Cook, of John Brown's army of invasion, was captured, near Mont Alto, has been marked by the Franklin County Historical Society, and this is the extent of what has been done in that direction.

And now I call your attention as earnestly as I can to what was the greatest Indian massacre which occurred in this county. It was in April, 1756, that Fort McCord, which stood on the farm now occupied and owned by John W. Bossart, about five miles north of St. Thomas, was destroyed by the Indians and twenty-seven whites—men, women and children—put to death. This massacre was attended by the most cruel atrocities. The Indians cut off the head of a man named Blair and threw it into the lap of Mrs. McCord, telling her that it was the head of her husband, but she knew it was not. It was by the site of the ruins of Fort McCord that the Indians took Richard Bard and his wife, whom they captured in the Marsh District in Adams county, bringing them through the gap at Mont Alto, by the place where Captain Cook, whom we have mentioned, was captured just before the Civil War, by Scotland, then through the Yankee Gap, through Path Valley and into Indian captivity. Richard Bard escaped, and, after several years, secured the release of Mrs. Bard. Richard Bard afterward settled not far from where we are now assembled, having bought a large tract of land near Stitzel's Cross Roads. From his home there he saw the whites on the evening of the 26th of

July, 1764, go in pursuit of the Indians who had murdered the school-master, Enoch Brown, and the children. We propose in the near future to mark the site of Fort McCord. We want to do that which will teach the children the history of their own county. We want them when they read of the atrocities of other times and other places not to forget that the liberty of conscience, the freedom of government and the civil blessings which they enjoy today were purchased for them by the blood of their ancestors. As a boy I lived for sixteen years within a very few miles of the site of Fort McCord. To me its existence was a mere tradition. We want you to have a part in the erection of the monument at Fort McCord; it can be erected without your aid, but we want you to feel when it is erected that you are at least part owner of it. We want all the country-side to have an interest in it. It is not well for us to feel that great and good things can be accomplished in our community without our help. There is not a preacher here, I know, and I see a number of them in the audience, who will not agree with me when I say that the best way to kill a Christian congregation is to endow it. When the people once feel that their help is no longer needed, they become indifferent church members. That all our citizens have a voice in the government is at once the foundation rock of our success in the past and our hope in the future. While we have a short recess, the ushers will pass among you and solicit your contributions for the purpose of marking the site of Fort McCord. Give what you can, and when you see a granite shaft pointing toward heaven, on the base of which will be inscribed a brief history of the bloody massacre which occurred there more than a century-and-a-half ago, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done what you can to teach the children of the present and those yet to come not only the truth of history, but reverence for their ancestors.

Dr. Cort stated that while the assemblage were engaged in their picnic dinners during the recess the marshals would receive pledges from all who were willing to help the Association

with its memorial work at Fort McCord, etc. All who pledged two dollars or upwards would receive a copy of a book that would contain all the addresses and proceedings of today's Enoch Brown Sesqui-Centennial Memorial Services and of the Fort McCord Dedicatory Services, which together would include a great amount of Colonial history not generally known.

The Picnic Dinner Recess.

A very picturesque scene was presented in the Enoch Brown Park when that large audience of men, women and children took shady positions in the leafy grove and with keen appetites and cheerful spirits proceeded to dispose of the contents of well-filled baskets. Lunch tables, with good supplies of sandwiches, lemonade, ice cream, etc., under the management of Mrs. S. Z. Hawbecker, the good wife of the efficient Chairman of the Board of Trustees, provided ample facilities for persons who had not brought provisions along to the Park. Instead of an hour, as stated on the program, about two hours were devoted to this enjoyable feature and social intercourse. The scene brought vividly to mind the experience of Dedication Day, 29 years ago.

Dr. A. Enfield, etc., were present from Bedford, Pa., and others from the east side of the South Mountain.

AFTERNOON SERVICES.

After a very enjoyable picnic dinner and a good time socially for two hours, the afternoon services began with the following prayer by Rev. J. G. Rose, D. D., of Mercersburg, Pa.:

O righteous Father, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we raise our voices in thanksgiving to Thee for Thy manifold mercies. We turn to Thee as the gracious Giver of every good and perfect gift. Our hearts are full of love to Thee, and we begin the services of this hour in humble reliance upon Thee and with sincere and holy worship.

We thank Thee for this large assemblage gathered here from every countryside; for the hallowed associations of this

spot and for the sacrifices that were made here in the cause of religion and Christian education.

Our Father, we thank Thee for the grace of remembrance by which we treasure up the story of the sacrifices which other ages have made and the pioneer work which our forefathers did for the betterment of humanity. We thank Thee for the large measure of gratitude which thoughtful people feel for the work of those who have rendered conspicuous service to their fellowmen. We render Thee grateful thanks for the pioneer school-master who toiled in this far frontier of the olden days, and who laid here the foundations of the religious education of the young and who died here a martyr to the sacred cause.

Holy Father, Thou didst imbue the soul of the man whose memory we honor today with the spirit of the Master; Thou didst impart to him love for the young, and zeal for service and heroic courage. And it is of Thee that the holy cause for which he gave his life has not languished among us; of Thee that religious education now flourishes on every hand, and it is Thou who hast blessed the generations and rendered them reverent before Thee and loyal to the Christian institutions of our free country.

Forbid, O God, that we should ever forget the sacrificial character of the work that was done here. Bless, therefore, we pray Thee, Thy servants who have labored long and faithfully in behalf of this memorial, and raise up many friends to support them in their unfinished tasks.

Vouchsafe unto us assembled in this hallowed grove Thy richest blessing, and may Thy comforting benediction attend the exercises of this meeting. May our lives be more earnest henceforth, our hearts more grateful for the sacrifices of our fathers, and our zeal for Thy truth like unto that of the Master, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many. And all we ask is for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

After the choir had sung "Maryland, My Maryland," Dr. Cort stated that they would now be addressed by Dr. J. Spangler Kieffer, of Hagerstown, Md. He and Dr. Kieffer

had first met as Sophomores amid the classic shades of Franklin and Marshall College 57 years ago and had been bosom friends ever since. Dr. Kieffer and Dr. Bahner had been present 29 years ago at Dedication Services and at Sunday School picnics several times afterwards. Dr. Kieffer spoke as follows:

Address of Dr. J. Spangler Kieffer.

The occasion which has called us together today is one of a commemorative character. We are recalling to mind the past; we are performing an act of remembrance; we are commemorating an occurrence, most worthy to be commemorated, in the history of this locality; we are celebrating the 150th anniversary of the massacre, on this spot, by the Indians, of the schoolmaster, Enoch Brown, and his pupils. Twenty-nine years ago there was a similar commemoration here, at which some of us were present. We were present then for the purpose of dedicating the monuments which had been erected to mark the spot on which the school house stood and the massacre took place, and the spot where the massacred teacher and pupils lie buried. The movement for the purchase of the ground now known as the Enoch Brown Park, and for the erection of these appropriate and enduring monuments, owed its origin chiefly to the historical interest and energetic activity of the Rev. Dr. Cyrus Cort, pastor at that time of the Reformed Church at Greencastle, Pa. It was he who revived the recollection of the memorable, but at that time almost forgotten occurrence of this tragic event; it was he who took measures to determine the locality of the school house and of the graves; it was he who brought to light the incidents connected with the event and afterwards wrote the history of it; it was he who organized the movement among the schools of Franklin county which resulted in the purchase and setting aside of these grounds and in the erection of these permanent memorials. It is a source of gratification that he is able to be personally present on this interesting and important occasion. It is a source of gratification, also, to know that he and the other

gentlemen associated with him as members of the Enoch Brown Association have during all these intervening years labored together in harmonious co-operation to discharge the trust committed to them when these grounds and monuments were placed in their care. Time has wrought changes; some of the members of the original Association have passed away, but the Association still exists, and the majority of its members who participated in the exercises held here twenty-nine years ago are present today to participate in the celebration of this one hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

Whether for individuals, or communities, or commonwealths, the remembrance of the past is a thing of great interest and importance. The Principle of Remembrance, as it may be called, is a thing of such significance that great account is made of it in God's Word. In the training of His people of old God made great use of this principle. "Thou shalt remember," "Thou shalt not forget"—these are expressions of frequent recurrence in the Bible. Certain things, certain days, certain institutions, certain occurrences and experiences God solemnly and strictly enjoins to be remembered. One of the first instances of the occurrence in the Bible of the word "remember" is in connection with the deliverance from Egyptian bondage. "And Moses said, Remember this day, in which ye came out from Egypt, out from the house of bondage." Further on, in the history of what took place in the journeyings through the wilderness, such commands as these are frequent: "And remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt"; "And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness." Frequently the command assumes a form which implies the possibility and the danger of forgetting these things; the form of a warning that they be not forgotten. "Thou shalt not forget" is as common as "Thou shalt remember." God says, "Only take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life; but teach them thy sons, and thy sons' sons." It is said in another place [in the

Word of God, "Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations; ask thy father, and he will shew thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee." Of passages like these there are in the Bible, as every reader of the sacred Book knows, almost innumerable instances. They serve to show what great importance belongs, in God's sight, to what we have called the Principle of Remembrance.

What is true of the Bible is true, also, of that other great book, the Book of Human Life. The principle of remembrance plays a great part in the lives of us all. In a certain sense we live by remembering. We are vitally related to our past; we are what our past years have made us. There are in the life of every one of us certain days, certain occurrences, certain experiences, which are not to be forgotten, which it would be dishonorable and disastrous to forget. This is true not only of individuals, but also of nations. We say, "This is Plymouth Rock; here the Pilgrim Fathers landed; let the spot be marked; let it never be forgotten." We say, "This is Independence Hall; here the Declaration of Independence was promulgated." We say, "This is Valley Forge, where Washington and his army passed that terrible winter." We say, "This is Gettysburg Battle-field, where, fifty years ago, the tide of our great Civil War was turned, and where, on both sides, so many brave men laid down their lives." There certain things in our past history as a nation took place, the forgetting of which would leave us bereft and poverty-stricken indeed. If the personality and character of Washington, what he was and what he did for his country, could be obliterated from our memories; if Valley Forge should be forgotten; if we should no longer remember the great host of brave men who, in our Civil War, on many battle-fields, laid down their lives that the nation might not perish, this land would be an altogether different land, and this people an altogether different people.

What is true of the nation is true also of the community. In the history of almost every community there have been events worthy of commemoration and which a proper feeling of self-respect would naturally lead the community to commemo-

rate. The event we are to commemorate today is one of a sad and mournful character, appealing to all one's natural feelings of tenderness and pity. It has the distinction, also, of being almost unique of its kind. It is mentioned by Parkman, the historian, as "an outrage unmatched in fiendish atrocity throughout all the annals of the war. Here, one hundred and fifty years ago, one day during what is known as the Pontiac War, to be exact, on July 26, 1764, there suddenly appeared a band of Indians, and, on the spot on which we are now assembled, in the heart of what was then a comparatively peaceful settlement, slaughtered and scalped the schoolmaster, Enoch Brown, and ten of his scholars. Exceedingly mournful in itself, certain circumstances of the tragedy serve to make it additionally pathetic. It is one of the traditions that, when the bodies were discovered, that the master was lying with a Bible clasped in his hands; he had evidently been stricken down and slain while conducting the opening religious services of the school. It is also well established, through the testimony of one of the boys who had survived the scalping, that after he had been knocked down with a club the master, upon his knees, begged in vain that the savages would take his life and spare the children. Master and scholars were buried in a common grave, a short distance from the schoolhouse, and the melancholy event passed into the traditions of the neighborhood—a story to be told on winter evenings to generation after generation of wondering and sympathizing children.

Long ago the little log schoolhouse disappeared and tradition alone preserved the memory of the spot where it had stood and where the remains of the master and his scholars were buried. Excavations made in 1843 by citizens of Greencastle and vicinity established the correctness of the traditional account of the place and manner of burial, and the desire was often expressed that these memorable spots might be suitably and permanently marked. Nothing was done, however, until forty years afterward, when, in such a way as has been mentioned, the movement was inaugurated and carried to successful conclusion, by which this Park was established and

these monuments erected. It is fit that on this commemorative occasion respectful and grateful recognition should be given to the public spirit, the labors and the services of those to whom we are indebted for the rescuing from oblivion of a spot of great historic interest, and the names and memories of those whose mournful fate upon this spot has invested it with that pathetic interest which it possesses now and must henceforward always possess. They have done a good work; they have deserved well of the community. They have rendered a service of lasting significance and value. The interest in events and occurrences like that which we are commemorating today, events which carry us back to the beginnings of our history as a people, increases, rather than diminishes, with the lapse of time. These monuments will last; the memory of the occurrence which they commemorate will endure long. It is not too much to expect, it is altogether probable, that a hundred and fifty years from now, when all of us have long been gone, a commemoration similar to that which we are now holding will be held upon this historic spot.

The region in which we live is not wanting in places and incidents connected with its earliest history, carrying us back to the time when the English and the French contended for the supremacy on this continent, or to the time of our War of Independence. Not far from the spot on which we are gathered is the site of Fort McCord. I understand that a movement is at present in progress having for its object the marking of the site of this fort and the commemoration of the massacre that occurred there. A few miles to the south of us is the old Braddock Road, over which Braddock and his army cut their way westward in that disastrous expedition of 1755. Very near us is the Forbes Road, completed in 1758 by General John Forbes, upon whose shoulders the English government had placed the burden of Braddock's unfulfilled task. "This road, fortified at Carlisle, Shippensburg, Chambersburg, Loudon, Littleton, Bedford, Ligonier and Pittsburgh, became the great military route from the Atlantic seaboard to the trans-Alleghany empire. By it Fort Pitt was relieved during Pontiac's rebellion

and the Ohio Indians brought to terms. Throughout the Revolutionary War this road was the main thoroughfare over which the western forts received ammunition and supplies. Not far to the south of us, a few miles below the Mason and Dixon Line, there stand, almost intact, the walls of one of the line of forts extending westward in that day, Fort Frederick, erected after the defeat of Braddock. It is the only one of that line of forts still standing. It is a memorable ruin, most worthy of preservation; and the Historical Society of Washington County, Maryland, has recently been taking measures for the preservation of it. Whatever remains to us from those times ought to be sacredly preserved. The sites of historical events and occurrences ought to be permanently marked. Anniversaries like that which we are celebrating today, like that which Chambersburg celebrated last week, when it commemorated the 150th anniversary of its founding, serve the useful purpose of instructing us in our history and reminding us of our indebtedness to the past. In what a strange way the past is still present, and the works of those who are gone still "do follow them." We travel over roads made by others. We live in houses built by those who went before us. We inhabit a beautiful country, whose original wilderness was toilsomely subdued by a generation long since departed. We enjoy the priceless inheritance of a civil and religious liberty purchased for us by more than three hundred years of conflict and struggle, and by the blood of some of the best and noblest of the Anglo-Saxon race. As we go away from this spot, we may well carry with us the thought of these things. This commemoration will not have been in vain if it shall have called forth within us some measure of gratitude to those who lived and labored in daily peril of their lives, and sometimes laid down their lives, that we might live in peace and safety, in plenty and prosperity, today, among whom not the least to be remembered with gratitude and affection are the faithful teacher and the innocent children who perished on this spot one hundred and fifty years ago.

Dr. Wm. M. Irvine's Address.

Rev. Dr. Wm. M. Irvine, headmaster of Mercersburg Academy, was then introduced by Dr. Cort, with the remark that Dr. Irvine had realized in a large measure for that institution the ideal conception which he, as a charter member of the Board of Regents forty-nine years ago, had expressed, at the beginning of its career, i. e., that it would become an American Rugby for the preparatory training of boys in classical collegiate studies.

Dr. Irvine spoke as follows:

A shrine is where a man has done a noble deed. It marks a spiritual victory. The scene today is, in part, as it was one hundred and fifty years ago. The sun is shining; the birds are singing; morning and evening the hills throw welcome shadows; far and wide the valley, with its sun-warmed gaps, stretches a beautiful landscape. True, no longer are there more tracks of animals than of men, and the frontier has receded far away, but the spirit of man, with its image of divinity, is ever the same.

The humble hero whose deed brings us together has returned to earth, our venerable mother whose lullaby has soothed so many generations into sleep, but his spirit lives; it is a great light, fine, triumphant, imperishable.

It teaches us many things:

That—Death is an incident, not the end, of a career.

That—A man may be as obscure as a peasant, but when the challenge of heaven comes he may rise to be a hero with the light of a great deed upon him.

That—Trouble shows us what lies beyond in the human soul.

That—Man's life is a flower, unfolding at the bidding of another world than that in which its roots are planted.

That—Victory and sacrifice walk together down through the years, and the story must be told and lived anew by each generation.

That—"We must create heaven within ourselves before we can claim it as a condition."

All honor to the little children! Why should innocence suffer on that wild day of terror in the long ago? Ah! that is one of life's great mysteries. We must join those children before we can solve it. Tragedy in childhood touches the whole world to tenderness, and the sufferings of these little ones will always be the most pathetic note in memorial celebrations here.

All honor to the parents—those men of steel, and the devoted women at their sides, who fought the savages, conquered the wilderness, loved liberty, and stood ready to prove it within less than a dozen years after this blow fell. Why should these men make this sacrifice? Man can give no answer; he can only say that a sorrow like this purifies the heart.

All honor to Enoch Brown, the schoolmaster, who, like the Great Teacher, taught in the highest way! By his generosity to save the innocent he glorified his duty. In his words flashed something of himself and something of God. We mark with tablets where the deed was done, but we can't mark with tablets where that deed will cease to be.

All honor to Enoch Brown, the man! The years pass, the sound of the warwhoop fades away, and his sorrow is bright with prophecy. As we look at him our feeling is one of gratitude mingled with enthusiasm. He has crowned our valley with a triumph. In him we see that storm is always followed by sunshine, that the discords of life will finally be blended with the song of the stars. The race which produces men of his type will never die.

The choir sang "O God Our Help in Ages Past," etc. Dr. Cort then introduced Prof. Leslie Omwake, President of Ursinus College at Collegeville, Pa., with the remark that Mr. Omwake as a native of Antrim township could say, "My foot is on my native heath and my name is McGregor." Dr. Omwake spoke as follows:

Address of Dr. Leslie M. Omwake.

On account of the pressure of other duties it has not been convenient for me to come to these ceremonies. But when I was invited to do so several months ago I promptly consented, because I felt that Dr. Cort ought to be loyally supported in the great work he is doing in bringing to light the facts of our earlier history and in securely sealing them in the minds and hearts of future generations by setting up these enduring monuments. Furthermore, I could not decline a call to any public duty from good old "Mother Antrim." To me it is always a genuine pleasure to be "on my native heath."

I was led to accept this invitation to speak, also, because it seemed to afford an opportunity to emphasize some facts concerning the great cause of education, to which the hero of this sacred spot so nobly gave his life. Our souls are filled with grief even to this day as we see in our imagination the awful scene of massacre, the ruthless murder of master and pupils as they were attacked by brutal savages without warning, while engaged with their morning lessons in the little school house that stood on yonder hillside, on that summer's day one hundred and fifty years ago.

As we gather here on this anniversary occasion, however, we may well consider the life, as well as the death of Enoch Brown and his band of pupils. That men of the type of this pioneer schoolmaster boldly pushed out to the frontier settlements of our country and there sowed the seed of learning, had all the glorious promise for our national life that the first gleam of early dawn has for the full light of day. These schoolmasters of Colonial days, working humbly but bravely on the outposts of civilization, played a worthy part in fixing the faith and vision of their fellow countrymen who later laid the very foundations of our national life upon the sacred principles of education and religion. Enoch Brown was stricken down at his post by the dark hand of savagery, but the slender gleam of the torch of learning which he bore became the more radiant by his sacrifice, and what we enjoy in this fair land to-day of enlightenment and Christian culture is but that same

precious ray shining ever brighter as we approach unto the perfect day.

The sole guaranty of democratic government is an intelligent citizenship. It was with profound faith in the Enoch Browns and the meagre schools of their own day, and with prophetic vision of the vast army of teachers and the magnificent schools of our later day, that our forefathers were led to constitute with such far-seeing wisdom the nation which we so greatly love and under whose glorious banner we are here assembled. We have not yet worked out our national destiny, but when I contemplate the splendid fruits yielded by the labors of those who, like Enoch Brown, worked on the foundation of our system of popular education, I look forward with pride and confidence to a still greater America. As a student and teacher of the history of education I give it as my deliberate judgment that there has never been a movement in the entire history of civilization that has meant so much for the individual citizen or for the nation as a whole as has the marvelous development of public High Schools in America within the past twenty-five years. These guarantee to us today a citizenship possessed not only of the rudiments of learning, but of liberal education. The intellectual preparation for a great modern democracy is at hand.

I am not quite so confident with respect to our moral qualification. Every age has its contradictions, and we have ours. But it is a strange paradox that in our day there should be at the same time so much seriousness and so much superficiality in every-day life. As a people we are earnest at heart, but in our conduct we do not bear it out. Our professions are too often betrayed by our practices. It was a great compliment to America that the Sunrise Kingdom, seeking a religion upon which it might place the seal of national approval, should send a commission here to study our Christianity, but it was to our shame that that commission returned and reported that Christianity is beautiful in theory, but that it is a failure in practice. We need to establish a new standard of morals in America. Our great leaders have been conscious of this, but as a

people we are remiss. When during the Spanish War we came into possession of the Philippine Islands, President McKinley, with a fine sense of moral obligation, characterized our occupation as one of "benevolent assimilation"—a magnificent conception, but the people smiled. When, a few weeks ago, in New York City, national respect was paid the young soldiers who fell in defense of our honor at Vera Cruz, and the present great head of our nation referred to any possible intervention that might be necessary in Mexico as a "war of service," again the people smiled. We must quit that smile. We must take our great ideals seriously. Our modern citizenship needs to cultivate conscience. We do not discriminate as clearly between right and wrong as did our fathers and grandfathers. The line between good and evil for many of us is not a line, but, to use the expression of one of our great leaders, it is a "twilight zone." Too many otherwise good people prefer to live in the twilight rather in the open sunlight of unquestioned righteousness.

With the same patriotic zeal that we display in working out our intellectual salvation, let us also work out our moral salvation. Great moral problems, both within and without our national life, are impending. Let us devoutly wish, yea let us believe that it is God's will and purpose that America may be the chosen nation in this great age of reconstruction in which His will may indeed be done as it is in heaven, and that here may flourish the tree of life whose leaves shall be "for the healing of the nations."

Then the two distinguished representatives of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission, Drs. Montgomery and Donehoo, made very able and instructive addresses. Dr. Montgomery explained the work and purpose of the Commission and heartily commended the memorial work of Dr. Cort and his Enoch Brown Association and stated that their Commission expected to visit the site of Fort McCord next day, and Franklin county would enjoy the honor of receiving the first appropriation of \$500.00 out of the fund at the disposal of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission.

Address of Dr. Thomas L. Montgomery, Pennsylvania State Librarian, Harrisburg, Pa.

Dr. Montgomery spoke, in part, as follows:

I have come gradually to the conclusion that I am about the only one in this vast assemblage who was not present twenty-nine years ago; but I do not feel entirely alone, for about that time Dr. Irvine and I were on the same foot-ball field, although on opposite sides, and I shall not debate how badly we were beaten. It is a delight to me to be with you today as a member of the newly-formed Pennsylvania State Historical Commission. This Commission was appointed by Gov. Tener, in accordance with the act passed at the last Legislature, for the purpose of securing markers for places where historical events have taken place, and to care for the same. It may co-operate with cities, boroughs, etc., and with other societies or associations for the maintenance of historical buildings or for the erection of monuments or markers. There were appointed on this Commission, besides myself, W. C. Sproul, of Chester; Hampton L. Carson, of Philadelphia; W. U. Hensel, of Lancaster; W. H. Stevenson, of Pittsburgh, and Geo. P. Donehoo, of Coudersport. These gentlemen represent the Quaker influence, the English, German, Scotch-Irish and Indian interests. They have elected me as curator of the Commission. The Commission has held its first meeting and has outlined its preliminary work, which will include a survey of the memorials already erected in the state. Twelve years ago the State Library was a good collection of books, which the public had access to from 9 a. m. until 3 p. m. It is now open until 10 p. m. A Division of Public Records was organized and historians now have access to the state papers, properly cared for and well indexed. A museum was instituted, which, among other things, collects the utensils of the early settlers, and has a collection of lantern slides which portrays the history of the state. Then a Federation of Historical Societies was organized, which prints each year a bibliography of the activities of such societies throughout the state.

This Historical Commission supplements the list. If it be continued, recommendations will be made to the Legislature as to the most important events to be commemorated, and the individuals who have deserved public recognition. This Enoch Brown Association is one that appeals strongly to the Commission and we are here today to promise you help in your future work. We shall suggest to the Commission that a contribution of \$500 be made towards the expense of placing a monument at Fort McCord.

**Address of Rev. George P. Donehoo, D. D., Pennsylvania
Historical Commission.**

Dr. Donehoo, who had come from Coudersport, on the New York border, to attend the memorial services, then delivered a very able and eloquent address. He spoke, in part, as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I wish, first of all, to congratulate Dr. Cort for having done such splendid work in arousing the interest of the people of this region in historical matters. These monuments and the large gathering of people here today show how much the people of this historic region are interested in the events of the days gone by. Such a gathering as this is more eloquent than any words which I might speak. I congratulate Dr. Cort for the success of his efforts in marking this most historic spot, and I congratulate the people of Franklin county because of the hearty support which they have given him in his undertakings.

I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Cort upon the bloody battlefield at Bushy Run a few years ago. I again met him at the site of the massacre at Hannastown. I am pleased to meet him again today, this side of the ridge of the "Endless Mountains," and hope that we may meet many times before we cross the "Winding River" to the other shore—to use his own language.

One of the speakers was introduced by the chairman as a "son of Mother Franklin." I may lay a claim to an even prouder, or at least more ancient lineage, and say that I am a great-

grandson of Mother Franklin, or to be more exact, of Mother Greencastle, as my great-grandfather lived here, died here and was buried in the old "God's Acre," which was swept away in the changing of the course of the Conococheague, many years ago.

Such a gathering as this is one of the bright spots in the life of Dr. Cort, and it is an inspiration to all of us. In this age, when there is such a mad rush for amusement of every sort, it is a pleasure to see so many people gathered together to listen to historical addresses, and to commemorate the event which made this spot an historic one. Such a gathering is the very highest sort of a compliment to the cultured taste of Franklin county. Such meetings are evidences of the interest which people take in the past, in these days when the restless present is so much in evidence in all that men say and do. Such gatherings show how truly patriotic and loyal to the past the people of the state are. When we realize that a great majority of the people living in our larger cities have no ties of memory binding them to the past in this country of ours, we may see why the city is more and more becoming a real danger to American institutions. The great majority of the people living today in the city of New York have no tie of memory binding them to Bunker Hill or Valley Forge or Gettysburg. What can American institutions mean to men who know nothing whatever of the steps by which those institutions have been builded? The people of this glorious Cumberland Valley are bound to the very commencement of the events which led to the erection of this nation, by an unbroken chain of memories. Truly, this is a rich inheritance.

We owe it to our nation to perpetuate the memory of the events which are fast becoming dim in the dust and smoke of our busy industrial life. It is a patriotic duty, which we owe to the coming generations, to see that these events are not allowed to be forgotten. Whenever men and women shall not be interested in the history of these early days, nor care to meet together to rehearse the great deeds of the fathers, it will be a sad day for the great nation in which we live.

We Pennsylvanians have not made enough of our history, nor of the historic sites which dot almost every hill and valley in this beautiful state. What would have been the history of the American Revolution apart from the part which this region west of the Susquehanna took in that great struggle? And yet, how little is said in the histories which were written in New England of the chief part which was taken in all of the great campaigns and battles by the troops made up of the Scotch-Irish and the German from this region along the frontiers of the state. Even Morgan's Riflemen, from Virginia, were in the main Scotch-Irish from Western Pennsylvania. But for the part which these hardy frontiersmen of Pennsylvania took in that Revolution, the battle of Bunker Hill would have been nothing but a "flash in the pan." Pennsylvania made the American nation possible. Fort Necessity, where the youthful Washington met the French from the Ohio, was in this state. So, also, was Fort Duquesne, Braddock's Field, Valley Forge, Gettysburg and the many other historic battlefields of these great conflicts.

One of the speakers has made mention of the romance of the early days, when the frontiers were being wrested from primeval savagery by a race of as hardy men and women as ever trod this earth. Do we realize what a rich field for the poet and novelist, as well as for the historian, is presented in the early history of these grand mountains and beautiful valleys? Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper have made the romance of other places immortal. I hope that the day may come when some Irving, or Cooper or Longfellow may arise in this state to do justice to the romance which clusters about every mountain, valley and stream in it.

I often think as I look towards those blue ridges of the Kittatinny Mountains of what trails of romance, history, humanity have passed over them. It has been my pleasure to walk over nearly all of the trails leading over these mountains to the "Beautiful River," and northward along the war trails to the land of the Iroquois. From the Delaware to the Ohio, from the Potomac to the Genesee, this is a land of romance, in

which actual history is more thrilling than the wildest imaginations of the novelist.

It has been my privilege during the past year or two to trace the footsteps of a little Scotch-Irish girl who was captured by the Shawnee at the head of Marsh Creek, in Adams county. She was carried across this valley, near Fort McCord, to Fort Duquesne, and then taken down the Ohio, where she was married to an Indian chief. Later she walked on foot, with an infant on her back, to the Genesee river. Here she later married the famous Seneca Chief, who led the Indians in the massacre at Fort Freeland, on the West Branch. This little Scotch-Irish girl became the head of a long line of descendants, many of whom became famous. The dust and ashes of Mary Jemison now rest in one of the most beautiful spots on the American continent, at Letchworth Park, New York. Here a monument marks the grave of this little girl, who was carried away by the hostile Shawnee in the days when this valley was the limit of civilization. But Mary Jemison's romantic story is but one of a thousand. These are the incidents which should be preserved. What boy or girl, what man or woman is not interested in the thrilling events of these days when life was red-blooded? If the young men and women of this day are not interested in history, it is because we do not present the history which has a "human interest." History does not consist of dates, but of deeds. Every school boy is interested in the story of Enoch Brown. Here in the shadow of Parnall's Knob are historic sites in abundance, and historic and romantic events without number. These sites should be marked, then the story will be told. Fort Loudon, Fort McCord, Fort Steel, Fort McDowell, Fort Chambers, and many more sites made famous in the early history of this state, all are within reach of this spot. Let the story of these places be told to the generation which is coming into life's battles, and the men and women of the days to come will be the better for the telling.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have been thinking as I sat upon this platform, listening to the many addresses which have been

made, all of them good, that you are worthy descendants of the men and women who lived in this valley a century and a half ago. It took courage to meet the Indians on this spot, where the good Enoch Brown and his pupils were massacred, over a century ago. It also takes real courage to face such a battery of speakers for a whole day. You have shown your powers of endurance, no less than did these early settlers who faced the Indians. I do not wish to massacre you with this address—on this most delightful day. I thank you, and again I congratulate you for what you have done.

Dr. Cort remarked that the descendants of Mary Jamison corresponded in numbers and importance to the descendants of Eleanor Cochrane, one of the Enoch Brown scholars that Providentially escaped the massacre. Eleanor was the ancestress of the noted Junkin family, including Stonewall Jackson's first wife; Sally Brown, another scholar, was ancestress of Judge Chambers, etc.; Mary Ramsey, of the Agnews, Irwins, etc., including the mother of Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States.

After mentioning these facts Dr. Cort exclaimed, "What wonderful possibilities are enshrined in the life of one little child."

The Pan-Piper Club, which, under the lead of Professor Hollinger, had sung "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," etc., sang in conclusion the Long Metre Doxology, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow," etc., after which the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Peightel, of Greencastle. This brought to a close a day never to be forgotten by any person present—a red-letter day in the history of Antrim township, one that rivalled the dedication day, 29 years ago, which the poet John M. Cooper and others pronounced the greatest day in the history of Old Mother Antrim.

Dr. Peightel, who had sat through all the services, although just up from his sick bed, seemed to voice the general sentiment next morning when he said that never in his life had he heard seven finer addresses than those delivered at the

Enoch Brown Sesqui-Centennial Memorial Service, August 4, 1914. While there was great variety of treatment and little repetition of ideas, there was a vein running through every address specially suitable for the memorial occasion. Every one of the speakers was heartily applauded at the close of his address.

Many expressed surprise and gratification at the vast amount of historic lore clustering around the massacre of school-master and scholars. They were delighted with the appearance of the Park, which Trustee S. Z. Hawbecker had put in apple pie order and fully admitted that, as Dr. Cort had said, it was one of the most beautiful, as well as most interesting and pathetic historic shrines, anywhere to be found in our broad land.

T. J. Brereton, of the *Valley Spirit*, moved that the hearty thanks of the audience be tendered to the Enoch Brown Association, to all the speakers, the Pan-Piper Glee Club, and that the speeches and all the proceedings, including the prayers of the chaplain, shall be published in a memorial volume. Unanimously adopted.

The Greencastle *Echo-Pilot* closed a two-column article on the Enoch Brown Sesqui-Centennial Services with the following complimentary reference to the addresses:

The brief notes of the various addresses, as given above, can convey but a slight intimation of their interesting character and effective delivery, and it is only due to the speakers to say that the addresses, as a whole, were brilliant, scholarly and most interesting and were of a character such as the people of this county but rarely have the privilege of hearing, and in the memories of those present the day will long be noted as one of rare pleasure and interest. For Rev. Dr. Cyrus Cort the day was one of triumph; not only did each of the speakers pay a deserved tribute to the indomitable energy which made the Enoch Brown Park possible, but the presence of the distinguished speakers who addressed the gathering, as well as the remarkable number of persons present, were at least as much a tribute to Dr. Cort personally as to the occasion which was commemorated.

The following letter, which explains itself, was read by Secretary Chas. Clippinger:

NEW ALBANY, IND., July 31, 1914.

REV. CYRUS CORT, D. D.,

CHAIRMAN ENOCH BROWN ASSOCIATION.

My Dear Dr. Cort:

As the date for the Enoch Brown Sesqui-Centennial draws nearer, my regret increases over the inability of myself or any of our kinsmen to be present. Ever since I first learned of your plans for this memorial observance I had hoped to be privileged to share with you in the ceremonies incident to the day, and my disappointment is indeed keen. However, I shall be with you in spirit throughout the day, and shall be grateful for any programs and accounts of the day's events which you can send me. The Enoch Brown Memorial Park is a sacred shrine towards which my thoughts are often turned, and I hope to have the great satisfaction of seeing it some day.

On behalf of my dear father (who was so interested in your work), of myself and our kinsmen, I take this occasion to once more thank you personally for your generous interest in our behalf. Your work of research and commemoration in regard to the noble pioneers of our land is an inspiration and deserves the lasting gratitude of all patriotic people.

Also kindly express our appreciation and gratitude to the Enoch Brown Association for its action of August 4, 1898, in resolving to engrave upon the monument the names of the two Dean boys, brothers of my great-grandmother, Esther Dean Dempster, who were among the victims of the dread massacre.

I have written to some of our kindred who will be interested in accounts of the celebration and will write you again at a later date. I enclose two dollars (\$2.00) and wish I were in a position to contribute more liberally to so worthy a project.

With sincerest wishes for the success of the Enoch Brown Sesqui-Centennial, and also for the Fort McCord Memorial scheme, I remain

Yours sincerely,

42 East 5th Street,
New Albany, Ind.

NETTIE IRWIN.

In addition, Dr. Cort received letters from Drs. N. C. Schaeffer, Superintendent of Public Instruction of Pennsylvania, and John S. Stahr, Ex President of Franklin and Marshall College, and President of the General Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, as follows:

HARRISBURG, PA., January 6, 1914.

REV. CORT.

Dear Friend:—I have your valued invitation for August 4, and regret that I cannot be with you on account of other engagements. Your historical studies and activities have done much to save from oblivion the early pioneers, and you deserve the lasting gratitude of all Pennsylvanians of this day and generation. With best wishes, I am

Very sincerely,

N. C. SCHAEFFER.

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE,
LANCASTER, PA., July 24, 1914.

REV. CYRUS CORT, D. D.,
OVERLEA, MD.

My Dear Dr. Cort:

Permit me to thank you for your kind invitation to attend the Enoch Brown Sesqui-Centennial Memorial Services on August 4, and a program of the order of services. I wish I could be present, but my engagements will not permit. I am heartily glad that you are leading in this commemoration, as you have both the "historical sense" and the sense of fitness; and I am sure that the commemoration will be worthy of the event and a benefit to all the participants.

With high regard,

Sincerely and cordially yours,

JOHN S. STAHR.

We will only add in conclusion that Dr. Cort and S. Z. Hawbecker, of the Enoch Brown Association, and Drs. Montgomery and Donehoo, of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission, held a joint meeting next day at the site of Fort McCord, on the farm of John W. Bossart. They selected the location

of the proposed monument there at the junction of the mountain road with the valley road, and took steps to secure a proper design for the memorial structure to be erected there, at a cost of \$1,000.00, in the near future. Persons pledging \$2.00 or upwards to the Fort McCord Memorial project will receive a volume containing the Dedictory Services of that Memorial and also of the Enoch Brown Memorial Services, including the names of all contributors who pay \$2.00 or more to the Fort McCord Memorial Fund.

Captives Recovered by Colonel Henry Bouquet, 1764.

List of captives taken by the Indians and delivered to Colonel Henry Bouquet by the Mingoes, Delewares, Shawanese, Wyondots and Mohicans at Tusarara-vas and Muskingum in November, 1764. (From *Maryland Gazette* for January 31st, 1765, published at Annapolis.)

VIRGINIANS OF THE SOUTH DISTRICT.

Males.—Michael Patterson, John Burd, George Yakeham, Stephen Blankinship, Thomas Harper, Michael See, George See, John Huntzman, Adam Huntzman, Solomon Carpenter, John Gilmore, Thomas Wheat, John Feeling.

Females and Children.—Barbara Rigar, Dorothy Rigar, Margaret Sivers, Catherine Sivers, Mary Lancisco and her child, Elizabeth Tofher, Eleanor Kincade and two children, Elizabeth Mouse, Eve Harper, Christian House, Margaret Yokeman, Mary McCord, Elizabeth Gilmore, Elizabeth Gilmore, Jr., Florence Hatchinson, Mary See, Catherine See, Barbara Huntzman, Susan Fishback, Margaret Fishback, Peggy Freeling, Peggy Cartmill, Molly Cartmill, Peggy Renick, Elizabeth Slover, Jr., Tamar (a mulatto woman), Elizabeth Snodgrass, Elizabeth Castle.

VIRGINIANS OF THE NORTHERN DISTRICT.

Males.—Frederick Meyers, Leonard Hyert, James Bell, Thomas Collins, James Price, William Young, James Harris, Christopher Harmantrout, Michael Cobble, Bridget's son Carva-

carvache, Nicholas Petro, Philip Petro, Hance, John Wiseman, Daniel Rhoades, Michael Rhoades, Henry Punner, Mordecai Babson.

Females and Children.—Eve Ice, William Lewis, John, Thomas and Catherine Ice, Rebecca Bryan, Anna Catherine, Sarah Price, Hannah Price, Sally, Katey Westbrook, Polly, Hannah, Experience Wood, Mary Clausser, Betsy Clausser, Magdalene Clausser, Mary Clausser, Peggy Colly, Conogomony, Alice Steddler, Molly Mitch, Mary Craven. Peggy Pumet.

PENNSYLVANIANS.

Males. — John Jacob Levory, Ephraim Walters, John Cochran, David Johnson, Morice Devine, Lodovick Clemm, Fetty Clemm, Francis Innis, Jas. Beatty, Thomas Boyd, James Campbell, Andrew Sims, Henry, Hance Hance, Adam Smeltzer, Jacob Smeltzer, Joseph (Red Jacket) Joseph Studebaker, Christopher Farmer, Hance Adams, Simon, Peter Jemmy, Pompadour, Tawanima, Jas. Butler, Samuel Wallace, Crooked Legs, Sore Mouth, John Donhahoe, William Lake, William Martin, James Martin, Robert Knox, John Fisher, John Riddle, John Diver, Hance Diver, John Palmer, John McCullough, John Gibson, Thomas Smallman, Edward Henderson, Daniel Clemm, George Anderson, John Harry, Jacob Shover, Hicks, Hicks.

Females and Children.—Sarah Boyd, Elizabeth Smith, Hannah Smith and her child, Elizabeth Henry, Margaret Miller, Mary Villa, Elizabeth Wilkins, Mary Wilkins, Elizabeth McElroy and her child, Mary McElroy, Catherine Heat, Uly Stroudman, Catherine Stroudman, Kitty Beverly Miller, Peggy Catherine Williams, Betty Young, Jenny Innis, Christina Margaret Leninger, Margaret Manselle, Elizabeth France, Hannah Smith, Catherine Leingerfield, Peggy Baskin, Ann Finley, Mary Campbell, Mary Lowrey, Jane Lowrey, Susanna Lowrey, Irene Phebe, Christina Wampler, Flat Nose, Betty, Agnes Davidson, Mollie Davidson, Rachel, Polly, Catherine Bacon, Jane Crow, Polly Crow, Dorothy's son, David Bighead, Martha Martin, Susannah Knox, Jane Knox, Mary Knox, Susannah Knox, Jane Coon, Ester Flaugherty, Elizabeth Stinson, Mary Stew-

art, Rachel Fincher, Elizabeth Coon and two children, Christopher Wampler, Rhody Boyd, Elizabeth Studebaker, Dorothy's daughter.

Virginians—Men, women and children, 91; add	
9 below	100
Pennsylvanians—Men, women and children . . .	116
Total	216

LEWIS OURRY,

Asst. Deputy Quarter Master General. Commander
at Fort Bedford in 1763, etc.

List of captives delivered up by the Shawanese at Mackuagack, arrived at Fort Pitt January 5th, 1765.

Virginians—Mary and Miriam Hamilton, Jane Gilmore, Mary Bird, Elizabeth Yokam, Elizabeth Filkison, Elizabeth Counsman, Mary and David Williams. The rest of the prisoners stopped at Watamaki until spring on account of deep snow.



The Site of Fort McCord, where 27 pioneer settlers, men, women and children, were slain by Indians or carried into captivity, April 1, 1756.

Fort McCord Dedicatory Services, October 29, 1914.

Introductory Statement by Rev. Dr. Cyrus Cort.

The first time that I heard the massacre of twenty-seven pioneer settlers at Fort McCord mentioned was at the Franklin County Centennial Convention, April 22, 1884. In a speech in favor of commemorating events of our early history, Benjamin Chambers referred to this shocking event as happening out about the North Mountain. A few months later, while making an historical address before the Mercersburg Classis and a large congregation at St. Thomas, I asked whether any person present could tell me where that important event of Colonial history had taken place, which I supposed had occurred somewhere in that neighborhood. There was no response to my question. Later on I met Cyrus C. Gelwicks, Esq., in Chambersburg. In the presence of several other gentlemen he exclaimed, "One night this man challenged a large congregation in our town to tell him the location of Fort McCord, where a great many settlers were massacred or carried into captivity by Indians. No one could answer his question and we were ashamed of ourselves. But," said he, "we can tell him now." I was glad to learn that my query had led to an investigation of local history.

When our Enoch Brown fund had increased to \$900.00 above what we felt in duty bound to keep invested permanently for repairs to the Park and monuments, I told our Enoch Brown Association that it would be eminently proper to help other localities mark historic places of kindred character in Franklin county. The Association heartily seconded my proposal and we agreed that the site of Fort McCord was such a place. Soon afterwards General W. D. Dixon, of our Enoch Brown Association, and I visited this place to examine the sit-

uation and learn whether or not there were any obstacles in the way of doing the memorial work. I was gratified, indeed, to find that the natural surroundings were entirely favorable for our memorial work and, more so, to learn that the owner of the site was the son of his father, my old friend, Squire Bossart, whom I had first met under very interesting circumstances as a delegate elder to Mercersburg Classis, convened in annual session at Alexandria, on the Juniata river, fifty years ago. Also that he had been a student of Mercersburg College when I was a member of the Board of Regents as missionary pastor at Altoona, fifty years ago. I knew then that we could have a deed in fee simple for the site of the monumental structure and all needed co-operation on the part of Squire Bossart No. 4 and his hospitable family. And so it has come to pass.

While our Enoch Brown Association was ready to mark other localities with memorial structures in other communities, we felt that we were under no obligation to help any community which was not willing to help itself by duplicating our offer. In other words, unless as much money could be secured from public-spirited citizens, in reliable pledges, as we were willing to give, it would be a sure sign that our memorial work would not be appreciated and would be like casting pearls before swine. As the Kittochtinny Historical Society had become quite active in recent years, we first submitted our proposal to that body. The Executive Committee heartily approved of our proposal, but said they had no funds to meet our offer of \$250.00, if a like amount was raised by the society. But, as individuals, they said they would contribute to the memorial project of marking the site of Fort McCord.

I remarked to my friend Samuel Z. Hawbecker that some historical missionary work was needed in the immediate neighborhood of Fort McCord to start the movement properly and that if a meeting of some kind could be convened I would attend and put in a plea for marking the site of Fort McCord. Soon afterwards he and Miss Sarah E. Bossart informed me that a union Sunday School picnic would be held September 13, 1913, at the big mountain spring near the Old Kieffer

homestead and that it was the wish of the community that I should speak in behalf of Fort McCord at that time. I did so, and with the help of Judge Gillan, Mr. Hawbecker and their good wives who were present, the movement assumed a practical shape. The Judge not only made an earnest speech, but headed a subscription list with \$25.00. Jerry Mish and Mrs. Eliza Kieffer subscribed \$10.00 each; others smaller amounts. Sarah Bossart, with a committee of five others, was appointed to continue the good work. Sarah secured pledges of money, labor, hauling, etc., amounting in all to about \$100.00, but for want of co-operation on the part of the majority of the committee, and other causes not necessary to mention, the memorial project lagged. When I insisted that prompt action must be taken, or our Enoch Brown Association would conclude that their generous proposal was not appreciated, Miss Sarah wrote me that a number of names of prominent citizens of Chambersburg had been given her who would likely be willing to help make up the \$250.00 pledges, but, as she did not know most of them, she would like very much if I would come over from Baltimore and help her make the canvass. Of course, as a gallant young fellow of only four score years, I could not refuse such a request. I went over and, with Judge John Stewart to head the list with \$15.00, we raised about \$100.00 in Chambersburg the same day. Next day we canvassed St. Thomas, where we got over \$20.00. A considerable amount was pledged in labor and hauling. The members of our Enoch Brown Association made individual pledges amounting to \$23.00. This fully completed the \$250.00 required to duplicate our original \$250.00 pledged as an Association.

Then I went to the banquet of the Western Pennsylvania Historical Society in Pittsburgh, May 8, 1914, where I met the majority of the members of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission and challenged them in person to duplicate the \$500 already pledged by the Enoch Brown Association and public spirited citizens of Franklin county to mark the site of Fort McCord with monumental structures. This challenge I repeated several times in writing until that organization ap-

pointed Drs. Montgomery and Donehoo with power to examine our plans, the site of Mc-Cord, and to grant us the \$500, if the situation justified the donation. These two gentlemen came on and made excellent addresses at the Sesqui-Centennial Memorial Services in the Enoch Brown Park, August 4, 1914. Next day they went to the site of Fort McCord with Samuel Z. Hawbecker and myself, where we conjointly agreed upon the proper site for the monument, and the \$500 pledge was formally granted by these representatives of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission. On August 27, 1914, our Association met in the office of Dr. Montgomery at the Pennsylvania State Library in Harrisburg and agreed upon the design for the Fort McCord monument prepared by T. J. Brereton, of the *Valley Spirit*. On September 2, 1914, we met in Chambersburg and awarded the contract for the erection of the stone work of the monument to the Forbes Granite Company, of Chambersburg. The contract for the Bronze Tablet containing the names of all the victims massacred or captured at the fort, as far as known, and the thirty-two (32) Provincial soldiers who were killed and wounded at Sideling Hill in a gallant effort to rescue the captives, we awarded to the Van Amringe Bronze Company, of Boston, Mass.

The remaining proceedings are set forth in the following article which appeared in several papers soon after the dedicatory services:

The Fort McCord Dedication.

In his memorial address at the Sesqui-Centennial, or 150th anniversary of the massacre of Enoch Brown and scholars, three miles northwest of Greencastle, Pa., August 4th, 1914, Rev. Dr. Cyrus Cort stated that Doctors Montgomery and Donehoo, of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission, who were present and made fine addresses to the large assemblage, convened at the Enoch Brown Park, would visit the site of Fort McCord next day, and he hoped that, through the joint efforts of the Enoch Brown Association and the Pennsylvania Historical Commission, a monument would be erected there also in the near future.

This hope was grandly realized inside of three months, much to the astonishment and gratification of many people in the Cumberland Valley.

The site for the monument was selected August 5th, 1914, by the joint committee, the design at a meeting in Harrisburg, Pa., August 27th, 1914, the contract for the erection of the monument at Chambersburg, Pa., September 2, 1914, and for the bronze tablet, with inscription and names of about forty pioneer settlers, soldiers, etc. Soon afterwards, October 29th, 1914, the monument was dedicated with appropriate services in the presence of a large and attentive audience. It is located on the farm of John W. Bossart, eight miles west of Chambersburg, Pa., and marks the spot where 27 pioneer settlers, men, women and children, were massacred or carried into captivity by Indian savages, April 1, 1756, shortly after the disastrous defeat of General Braddock in Western Pennsylvania. On a massive stone base, hewn out of native rock from the adjacent mountain, a Celtic cross from the same source is securely placed. The cross is ornamented with a representation of a Scotch thistle at the junction of the transverse beam. The native stone is almost as white as marble and much harder than ordinary granite. The bronze tablet is imbedded in the massive base, and the lettering can be read at quite a distance. The estimated weight is 19,000 pounds. The program stated that Miss Sarah E. Bossart would unveil the monument on dedication day. She had ably assisted Dr. Cort in raising the \$250 among public spirited citizens of Franklin county to duplicate the \$250 pledged by the Enoch Brown Association. This \$500 Dr. Cort induced the Pennsylvania Historical Commission to duplicate with another \$500 to help erect the Fort McCord monument.

Miss Sarah was too unwell to attend to the pleasant duty on dedication day, but her younger sister (Alice) acted as her substitute. T. J. Brereton, of the *Valley Spirit*, who had designed the monument, was then called upon by Dr. Cort to explain its symbolical significance—the meaning of the Celtic cross and of the thistle as the emblem of Scotland. Inasmuch

as the Cumberland Valley was mainly settled by Scotch-Irish, over a hundred and fifty years ago, who furnished the majority of the victims slain in the massacre and among the Provincial soldiers slain in a gallant but ineffectual effort to rescue the captives, the design was especially appropriate. Miss Sarah Bossart, as Dr. Cort remarked, was viewing the ceremonies from the window of her sick room on the second story of the Bossart mansion nearby. Her location enabled her also to hear the greater part of the addresses which were made by the speakers, standing on the porch of her father's home, to the deeply interested audience seated and standing on the beautiful lawn in front of the same. The St. Thomas band discoursed music for the occasion, such as, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," "Star-Spangled Banner," "Auld Lang Syne," etc. Rev. Dr. J. G. Rose, of Mercersburg, Pa., officiated as chaplain in chief. After a suitable prayer by Dr. Rose, Judge W. R. Gillan took charge of the meeting and made an earnest introductory address. Rev. Dr. Cyrus Cort, as president of the Enoch Brown Association, dwelt upon the Colonial history immediately before and after the Ft. McCord massacre. He quoted largely from the *Maryland Gazette*, published 150 and 160 years ago, and on file at the State Library at Annapolis. He showed how Captain Dumas, the French commander at Fort Duquesne, in 1755, etc., sent out marauding bands of Indians and Frenchmen to kill the pioneer settlers and destroy their homes in the Juniata, Cumberland, Lehigh and Shenandoah Valleys, a few months after the disgraceful defeat of General Braddock, which had led the Delaware and a large part of the Iroquois Indian tribes to join the French along with the Indians from the Lake regions.

It was the boast of the savages that during that horrible French and Indian War, from 1755 to 1762, they killed fifty white people for every Indian that was killed. The capture of Fort McCord was one of the first results of this border warfare and the slaughter of Capt. Alexander Culberston and many provincial soldiers, whose names are inscribed on the bronze tablet encased in the monument dedicated today. Shingas and

Capt. Jacobs were the chiefs of these marauding bands, and Kittanning, 25 miles up the Allegheny from Fort Duquesne, was their rendezvous, which was destroyed by Col. Armstrong, Capt. Hugh Mercer, etc., in September, 1766, a few months after the Fort McCord massacres. Rev. Dr. F. M. Woods, of Martinsburg, W. Va., had the Scotch-Irish pioneer settlers for his subject and spoke eloquently on that theme, as he did 29 years ago at the dedication of the Enoch Brown Park and monuments.

It is an interesting coincidence that a son of Dr. Woods is vice-president of the Christian College at Canton, China, of which Dr. Chas. K. Edmunds is president, who is the husband of Catherine Poorbaugh, Mrs. Cort's niece and adopted daughter.

THE PICNIC DINNER.

A very enjoyable picnic dinner came next on the program. The speakers were royally entertained by the Bossart family in the old homestead occupied by four generations of Bossarts since about 1760. The successive heads of the family were all squires and elders of the Reformed Church. After dinner Drs. Montgomery and Donehoo, of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission, made able and interesting addresses. Dr. Donehoo has followed the trail from Adams county traversed by the Indian captors of Mary Jamison, the Bard family, etc., over the mountains and is thoroughly imbued with Indian lore. He dwelt upon the wrongs endured by the red men at the hands of white officials and unprincipled traders, which justified the savages, as they supposed, to wreak vengeance on any member of the white race. Thus it was that innocent victims like the Fort McCord people were sacrificed on the altar of Moloch.

Dr. Donehoo made a strong plea for the careful study of history, without which there could be no genuine progress in any department of human life, either civil or religious.

The present is the child of the past and the parent of the future, and if we fail to cherish the memory and achievements of those who laid the foundations of Church and state, we violate the first commandment with promise and forfeit its bless-

ing. Chas. M. Deatrick, of St. Thomas, read a semi-poetical description of Fort McCord's defenders at the close of the services. The kinsfolk of some of those pioneer victims were present at the dedication services and seemed very grateful that at last a measure of justice was being done to the pioneer martyrs.

The grandmother of General Dixon, chief marshal, was a cousin of William Denny, one of the slain soldiers. The great-grandmother of Mrs. J. G. Orr was a sister of Capt. Culbertson. Mrs. Orr sat just in front of the speakers and was intensely interested in the dedicatory services. Many were the compliments and congratulations showered upon the chairman of the Enoch Brown Association for pushing this memorial project to a successful conclusion. We should have stated above that Rev. Klingaman, of Clear Spring, Md., closed the forenoon services with the benediction. Rev. Roth, Lutheran, of Chambersburg, opened and Rev. Greenough closed the afternoon services.

All the addresses and proceedings connected with both the Enoch Brown memorial services of August 4th and of the Fort McCord Monument dedication of October 29th, 1914, will be published in a memorial volume at no distant date, if possible, before Christmas. As Dr. Cort announced at the Enoch Brown Park, persons contributing at least \$2.00 to the Fort McCord, etc., Memorial Fund will have their names and subscriptions recorded in that memorial volume and receive a copy of the book when published, with pictures of all the monuments, etc.

It is the intention of the Enoch Brown Association to mark the sites of Fort McDowell (near Bridgeport) and Fort Loudon at no distant date, provided the respective communities co-operate with sufficient aid and interest. All funds received will be used with economy and efficiency as in times past. Let us "remember the days of old" in a practical and enduring manner by erecting substantial monuments and publishing reliable historical data in regard to the pioneer founders of Church and State.

Dr. Cort expects to insert in the volume a list of 216 captives recovered from Indian captivity and restored to their Christian homes in Pennsylvania and Virginia by Colonel Henry Bouquet, 150 years ago, and other historical data of special interest to all patriotic Americans and students of history.

Program of Dedication of the Fort McCord Monument, October 29, 1914, and Invitation.

The members of the Enoch Brown Association and of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission have conjointly erected a monument at the site of Fort McCord, on the farm of John W. Bossart, eight miles west of Chambersburg, Pa., which they intend to dedicate with appropriate services, October 29, 1914. The design of the monument is in the form of a Celtic Cross, with a Scotch Thistle at the junction of the transverse beam.

They extend a cordial invitation to all public spirited citizens to attend these memorial services. We owe a boundless debt of gratitude to the pioneer martyrs.

The monument is located at the junction of the mountain road through Yankee Gap with the St. Thomas and Strassburg road, six miles from the former and seven from the latter village. It marks the place where twenty-seven (27) pioneer settlers, men, women and children, were massacred, or carried off into captivity, by Indian savages, April 1, 1756. In addition to the victims of the capture of the fort as far as known, the inscription on the Bronze Tablet contains the names of thirty-two (32) Provincial soldiers killed or wounded in a gallant effort to rescue the captives at Sideling Hill, under Captain Alexander Culbertson and Lieutenant Jemison.

<i>Members of Enoch Brown Association</i>	{	CYRUS CORT, <i>President</i> ,
		ROBERT J. BOYD, <i>Secretary</i> ,
		W. D. DIXON,
		HARRY STRICKLER,
		LINN HARBAUGH.

<i>Trustees</i>	{	SAMUEL Z. HAWBECKER,
		ROBERT J. BOYD,
		JACOB H. STONER, <i>Treasurer</i> .

ORDER OF SERVICES.

Music, by the Saint Thomas Cornet Band; unveiling of the monument at 11 A. M., Miss Sarah E. Bossart.

The rest of the services will take place in front of the Bossart Mansion, as follows: Music, "America"; prayer, by Chaplain, Rev. Dr. J. G. Rose, Mercersburg, Pa.; address, by Hon. W. Rush Gillan, Presiding Officer; address, by Rev. Dr. Cyrus Cort, President of the Enoch Brown Association, Overlea, Baltimore county, Md., "Historical Data Antecedent and Subsequent to the Fort McCord Massacre"; music, "Auld Lang Syne"; address, by Rev. Dr. Frank M. Woods, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, "The Pioneer Scotch-Irish Settlers of the Cumberland Valley."

RECESS FOR PICNIC DINNER.

Music, "The Star Spangled Banner"; address, by Dr. Thomas L. Montgomery, Harrisburg, Pa. (Pennsylvania State Librarian and member of Pennsylvania Historical Commission); address, by Rev. Dr. George P. Donehoo, of Coudersport, Pa. (secretary of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission); music, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past"; address, by Charles M. Deatrick, St. Thomas, Pa., "Fort McCord and its Pioneer Defenders"; music, "Home, Sweet Home"; doxology, "Praise God," etc.; benediction.

HOW TO REACH THE SITE OF FORT M'CORD.

The public road, west from Chambersburg via Frye's Mills, leads direct to the farm of John W. Bossart, esq, on which the site of Fort McCord is located. Conveyances can be procured at Chambersburg by notifying Mr. Linn Harbaugh. Persons desiring to attend from a distance had better engage conveyances a few days in advance. In case the weather should be inclement, the services will be held in the large barn of Mr. Bossart. Lunch and refreshments, such as ice cream, etc., can be procured by persons on the grounds, who do not come provided with picnic supplies. The Cumberland Valley Railroad sells round trip tickets good for two days at two cents per mile.

The following is a partial list of officers, which will be completed on dedication day: President, Hon. W. Rush Gillan; Vice Presidents, John W. Bossart, Dr. Chas. F. Palmer, Joshua W. Sharpe, esq., Seth Dickey, John Mish, T. M. Wood, John G. Orr, John G. Youst, Joseph Seibert; Marshals, Gen. W. D. Dixon, Cyrus C. Gelwicks, Denton Keefer, Dr. Clark, Jacob Mish, Jerry L. Mish, Dr. W. F. Skinner, T. W. Brendle; Secretaries, T. J. Brereton, Chas. H. Clippinger, William S. Horner, Chas. Walters, Chas. M. Deatricks.

Description of Fort McCord Monument, with Inscription.

The monument consists of a massive granite base, over six feet high, standing on a solid cement foundation, surmounted by a large Celtic cross which is ornamented with a Scotch thistle at the junction of the transverse beam. A large bronze tablet is imbedded in the granite base, which contains the following inscription in large raised letters which can easily be read at a distance, viz.: "The site of Fort McCord, where 27 pioneer settlers, men, women and children, were massacred by Indian savages, or carried into captivity, April 1, 1756, was a few rods southeast of this spot. In the list of victims were James Blair, Mary McCord, Mrs. John Thorn and babe, Mrs. Ann McCord, wife of John McCord, and two daughters, Martha Thorn, a young mother with unborn babe and a young girl. Names of Provincial soldiers killed in pursuit of the Indians at Sideling Hill:

Captain Alexander Culbertson	Robert Kerr
Ensign John Reynolds	William Chambers
William Kerr	Daniel McCoy
James Blair	James Robertson (Tailor)
John Layson	James Robertson (Weaver)
William Denny	James Peace
Francis Scott	John Blair
William Boyd	Henry Jones
Jacob Paynter	John McCarty
Jacob Jones	John Kelly
	James Lowder

WOUNDED.

Lieut. Jameson	Isaac Miller
Abraham Jones	John McDonald
Francis Campbell	William Hunter
William Reynolds	Matthias Ganshorn
John Barnet	William Swailes
Benjamin Blyth	

Erected by joint action of Enoch Brown Association and Pennsylvania Historical Commission, 1914.

Prayer by Chaplain Rose, of Mercersburg, Pa.

Gracious God, our heavenly Father, we come into this place of hallowed memories with spirits subdued and chastened. Thou dost rule in the solitary heart, and in the community life and in affairs of the nation.

We thank Thee for the Christian faith and heroism of the fathers who subdued this fair valley and set fast the standards of our free government. We dedicate this monument to the memory of the men and women who laid down their lives here in defence of the Christian home. And we thank Thee for the blessings which Thy mercy has bestowed upon the generations that have lived and died here since their day. For Thy goodness to us, Thy servants, we give Thee grateful praise. Cause us to remember the days of old and the sacrifices of the pioneers which have given us our goodly heritage. Help us to keep with honor the institutions for which they suffered, and help us to be worthy of the sacred trust which they committed to our care.

May the services of this day inspire us to a worthy patriotism. May the lessons which shall be brought to us out of the past guide our steps as we face the future and its serious unsolved problems. May we, too, live for the generations that shall come after us; and may we, too, be willing to give up our lives, if need be, to preserve the fruits of our Christian civilization.

Holy Father, bless us today and prosper us in the arts of peace; restrain the wrath of warring nations, and cause peace

to return to a distracted world. May the Prince of Peace enter into His inheritance. And unto Thee, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, be dominion and power and glory for ever. Amen.

Address of Judge W. R. Gillan.

MY FRIENDS:

I appreciate very much being called upon to preside at this meeting.

About one year ago, at a Sabbath school picnic in a grove near by, the project of marking the site of Fort McCord, the scene of the most bloody massacre of Colonial times in this county, was launched. Today, by the generosity of the Enoch Brown Park and Monument Association, your liberal contributions and the help of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission, one of whose members, the Rev. George P. Donehoo, together with the curator of the Commission, Hon. Thomas Lynch Montgomery, State Librarian, honor us with their presence, and both of whom you are to have the pleasure of hearing before the day is closed, we see the monument completed.

This beautiful shaft which has just been unveiled tells more eloquently than can be expressed by words of song or story of the massacre on that April day in 1756, of twenty-seven settlers, men, women and children, by the tomahawk of the savage red man in the great struggle for the civilization of this continent. Of the history of those times you will hear much from the eloquent speakers who will today address you. I will be pardoned, I know, if I refer to a few of the many historic incidents of this community. I am of the manor born. I spent the years of my boyhood and young manhood on a farm a short distance from where we now stand. Along this path was carried Richard Bard and his wife into Indian captivity, right by the ruins of Fort McCord. Those of us who had the good fortune of hearing the Rev. Dr. Donehoo, secretary of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission, at Enoch Brown Park, on the 4th day of August last, will well remember how eloquently he told of the capture of Mary Jamison, a

little girl twelve years of age, captured in Adams county, who with her father and mother and other friends were carried by the Indians from the same section from which the Bards were taken, through the gap at Mont Alto, through this county, up through the Yankee Gap, right by this spot, into captivity from which the little girl never escaped. She became an adopted daughter of an Indian tribe and was known as the "White Woman of the Genesee." She married, first Schingee, of the Delaware tribe, and after his death Hiokata, a Seneca. This woman lived to a great age and became the owner of large tracts of valuable fertile lands in the Genesee Valley of New York. In 1824, when she had reached the age of more than eighty years, she was induced by the Rev. James Seaver, a Presbyterian minister, who wrote her life, to give an account of her capture as she remembered it. She relates that on the third day out they passed a fort which she heard her father say was Fort Conococheague. I take it that this must have been Fort Chambers. On the evening of that day, at the foot of the mountain, they entered a dark and dismal swamp covered with hemlock and other evergreens. There she was separated from her parents. She never saw them again; but the next day she saw the Indians cleaning scalps, and by the hair recognized one of them as being that of her mother. That swamp must have been in this immediate vicinity. Less than two miles to the south of us, on the farm now occupied by the Rev. Mr. Flohr, lived Col. James Armstrong, a great warrior. At the time the notorious Nugents were plying their trade as horse thieves in this valley, tradition has it that Col. Armstrong was very active in efforts that were being made to capture these thieves, and they made up their minds to silence him. Traveling to the place at night, they secreted themselves in a clump of bushes near the house, expecting, as the Colonel came out in the morning, to end his life by a bullet from one of their rifles. Morning came, but the Colonel did not appear. As they kept their vigil they observed a great many persons gathering about the premises, and finally they saw a casket carried out. The Colonel had died a natural death. That was the day of his funeral.

Tradition has it that on the farm adjoining the Armstrong farm, now owned by Mr. Brechbill, there stood a fort in Colonial times. It was not far from this spot that lived the famous Indian fighter and intrepid Revolutionary soldier, Major James McCalmont, who, because of his fleetness and agility, was named "Supple McCalmant." It was in this vicinity that Indians pursued James McCalmont, bent on securing his scalp; after running a considerable distance he darted into a barn and escaped out on the other side, secreting himself, in a thicket, unobserved by his pursuers. The Indians, thinking he was yet in the barn, set it on fire and stood about, yelling in exultation over their supposed success; when they discovered that they were cheated of their prey they again took up the search and discovered his hiding place. Then began again the race for life. It is said that the Major, although he ran a stob in his foot, outdistanced his pursuers, running as far as Shippensburg and gained a place of safety.

Not far from this place stands the famous Rocky Spring church. To allow it to fall into decay would disgrace the community, disgrace the Presbyterian Church and disgrace the state of Pennsylvania. At its altar worshipped a band of as brave, pious and patriotic men as ever sang praises to the Triune God or rejoiced in the success of the arms of their country. Within the confines of the old graveyard lie their sacred ashes. It was in the pulpit of this old church that the Rev. John Craighead, while preaching in glowing terms Jesus Christ, the only hope of salvation, was startled by the sound of martial music as it disturbed the quiet of the peaceful Sabbath morning; it was the fife and drum of the volunteers of Path Valley as they came marching down the Strasburg road on the way to join Washington's army in the great struggle for American liberty. Parson Craighead stepped down from the pulpit, laid off his clerical robe and addressing the congregation said: "I, too, must fight for my country; who will go with me?" And almost all the male members of the congregation followed their pastor, making him their captain, and they, too, joined Washington's army, serving with distinction on many bloody

fields. When the war was over Captain Craighead again became Parson Craighead, returned to his pulpit, again preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ until his death in 1799, and his remains rest in this old historic graveyard.

Let me digress for a moment. To those of you who live in this immediate vicinity I am sure a few words as to Yankee Gap, through which led the Indian trail, will be of interest. I do not know that this gap in Indian times had any name except the gap which led into Horse Valley and then into Path Valley. In the early days of the nineteenth century the knob in the mountain seen just as you pass through the gap was known as "Nancy's Saddle," because there lived there Robert Gray and his wife Nancy, who was a great horsewoman. When I was but a child when skiffs of snow began flying through the air, I was told that Nancy Gray was picking her geese. In 1846 a company of Mormons purchased a large tract of land what is now the O. E. McLanahan farm near Greencastle. There they announced that they would establish the seat of the Mormon Church. They mortgaged the farm. As they were more fond of preaching their peculiar religion than they were of cultivating the soil, they neglected the interest on the mortgage. There was foreclosure proceedings and the sheriff sold them out. Most of them, headed by their preacher, Sydney Rigdon, silently stole westward and joined their fellows in Iowa. Sydney aspired to be leader, but was supplanted by Brigham Young, who led the Mormons to Salt Lake. Among them, however, was one, Amos Tomlinson by name. He came into this neighborhood, living first in the tenant house on the farm now owned by Adam Strock. He believed in all the doctrines of his Church, except the doctrine of polygamy. With him came his beautiful and accomplished wife and his aged mother. In 1850 he purchased from George Chambers a tract of land situate in the gap of this mountain. There he built a house now occupied by Henry Gilbert. There he reared his family. There he buried his wife and mother and some of his children. He was an upright, intelligent, honest man, but not a very industrious citizen. He spent most of his time dig-

ging herbs, which he sold for medicinal purposes, and trapping muskrats, the skins of which he sold; and capturing wild turkeys, which he also sold. He lived there until 1877, when he sold his land to Hunter & Springer and moved to Newark, a small village in northern Illinois. He was a native of Connecticut with all the New England peculiarities, and was therefore dubbed the "Yankee." I am sure that many of the children of the neighborhood, of which I was one, did not for many years know that he had any other name than the "Yankee." This, my friends, is why this gap, since 1850, has been known as "Yankee Gap."

But I have talked too long. You have come not to hear me, but to hear history related by real historians, and we have them with us. I take great pleasure in presenting to you the pioneer in marking historical places in Franklin county, the Rev. Dr. Cyrus Cort, of Baltimore, who will now address you.

Address of Rev. Dr. Cyrus Cort at the Dedication of the Fort McCord Monument, 1914.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Friends and Fellow Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen :

I am glad to see you present at the dedication of the Fort McCord Monument. The hope expressed in my address at the notable Enoch Brown Sesqui-Centennial Memorial Services, August 4th, 1914, has been realized. By the generous co-operation of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission with our Enoch Brown Association this monument stands before you "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" for all right-minded people. Within three months many of you have responded to our invitations to attend two memorial services that call to vivid remembrance many of the most interesting and pathetic events relating to border warfare in pioneer days. It is a good sign when earnest people can be induced to devote two days to such memorial services in one of the busiest seasons of the year. Time thus consecrated to patriotic duty is well spent. Enthu-

siasm in behalf of a good cause lifts people out of the hum-drum of ordinary existence into a higher and holier atmosphere. "Without enthusiasm nothing great has ever been accomplished," was the sentiment of Seneca, one of the greatest of ancient writers and moralists. Enthusiasm comes from two Greek words, "En" and "Theos," and properly means the stirring of the deity within us, an inspiration from the Almighty to undertake difficult but needful achievements. As the Scriptures tell us, "It is well to be zealously affected always in a good thing." It differs as much from fanaticism, or "zeal without knowledge," as the heavens are above the earth.

It behooves us on this occasion to recall briefly some of the historic facts of 158 years ago connected with the pathetic events which this monument has been erected to commemorate.

THE HISTORIC FACTS RELATING TO THE MASSACRE.

For generations England and France were at war with each other. 160 years ago the conflict was transferred from Europe to America. The English colonies lined the Atlantic coast east of the Allegheny Mountains. The French were thinly scattered along the St. Lawrence River, along the lakes and down the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers to the Gulf of Mexico. France set up a claim for all the vast region now known as the "Middle West," or Mississippi Valley. England, through her Colonial governors, claimed jurisdiction over the Ohio River and its tributaries. After a number of skirmishes, in which the colonists with a small force under Major George Washington were worsted, England sent a large army to drive away the French from Fort Duquesne, which they had erected at the Forks of the Ohio, where Pittsburgh is now located. Unfortunately the expedition was entrusted to General Braddock, an officer "disqualified in almost every particular for such a command." So his own secretary, William Shirley, wrote to Governor Morris, of Pennsylvania. Rejecting the advice of Benjamin Franklin, Richard Peters, Capt. Crogan, Washington, etc., Braddock disdained to guard against ambushes by employing

friendly Indians and Provincial scouts, like Capt. Jack, for flankers in his march through the wilderness. His conceit and obstinacy ended in the terrible defeat of a large part of his disciplined army of over 1,000 men by French and Indians on the banks of the Monongahela, within a dozen miles of Fort Duquesne. Col. Dunbar, next in command, instead of guarding the frontier, destroyed great quantities of military stores and cowardly retreated to Philadelphia with 1,500 men. Thus the frontier settlements were left exposed to the incursions of the French and the Indians. The Delawares, the Shawnese and part of the Iroquois, heretofore allied with the English, now joined the French along with Indian savages from the lake regions. A few months after Braddock's disgraceful and disastrous defeat the French commander at Fort Duquesne sent officers with bloodthirsty bands of Indians to destroy pioneer settlements in the Juniata, Lebanon and Conococheaque Valleys. This resulted in the worst calamities that ever came upon the American colonies. Ensign Donville was killed at the head of one of these bands. He had instructions on his person, signed by Capt. Dumas of Fort Duquesne, March 23d, 1756, ordering him to take 50 Indians and go on a marauding expedition. Men, women and children were killed, scalped and frequently mutilated with horrible brutality.

Two of the boldest actors in these atrocities were Shingas and Capt. Jacobs, who were chiefs of a large body of Delaware Indians located at Kittanning on the Allegheny River, 25 miles above Fort Duquesne.

On November 1, 1755, Elizabeth and William Fleming were taken captive by Capt. Jacobs at the Great Cove (or Morrison's Cove). Jacobs told them the Indians had joined the French, because General Braddock did not use them well when they offered to join him and had threatened to destroy all the Indians on the continent. He said that the French told them that Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia had laid the same plot. Jacobs said also that the French had men that could forgive sins, and that it was no sin to destroy heretics, and all the English were such. On November 2, 1755, reports from

Shippensburg, Pa., stated that "large bodies of French and Indians were in the Cove, intending to fall upon the Cumberland county settlements, and that a great part of the county lies desolate." Many German settlers were massacred or carried away from Christian homes into heathen captivity in the Tulpehocken region also. 78 are reported slain as far east as Northampton county, Pennsylvania, before Christmas, 1755.

John Baker, a servant of Capt. Crogan at Fort Shirley, who was captured January 27, 1756, and taken to Kittanning, made his escape in March. He reported that Shingas had left sixteen days before with a company of sixteen warriors, and Capt. Jacobs four days later with sixteen more to fall on the Conococheaque settlements and to annoy Forts Littleton and Shirley on their way home. Shingas returned with nine scalps and ten prisoners, and Jacobs with five prisoners and some scalps. John Craig, who was taken February 11, 1756, seven weeks before the attack upon Fort McCord, was told by Shingas and other Indians that many hundred Indians were coming to Pennsylvania in two months to cut off the inhabitants until not a man was left alive. Later on Shingas and Jacobs went out with larger bodies of warriors from Kittanning, where 100 captives were already held.

The Provincial authorities erected forts at Carlisle, Shippensburg, Chambersburg, etc. In addition, private forts were erected in exposed localities. One of these, where we meet to-day, near the Yankee Gap in the North Mountain, was called the "William McCord Fort." The *Maryland Gazette*, published April 8th, 1756, tells us that it was captured April 1, 1756, and not April 4th, as some accounts state it. The *Gazette* a week later, April 15th, 1756, also states that "at the burning of Fort McCord on the first instant there were thirty persons killed and six taken prisoners. It tells of the mangling of a young mother and her unborn babe in a manner too horrible to relate. The *Gazette* of the previous week (April 8th) states that thirty were killed and taken, but the account that seemed most reliable reports the victims to be twenty-seven men, women and children, as given on our bronze tablet.

When I preached my Franklin County Centennial Memorial sermon at Greencastle, thirty years ago, I had the manuscript diary of James McCullough, written 170 years ago, in the pulpit with me. He places the number of victims at twenty-seven men, women and children. As he resided in the Conococheague settlement, a dozen miles south of here, and kept his diary carefully, including the capture of his own two boys by a Frenchman and Indians on July 26th, 1756, four months after the destruction of Fort McCord, his record seems most reliable.

Owing to these massacres the fighting force of the Cumberland Valley was reduced from 2,000 to a couple hundred a year after Braddock's defeat.

THE EFFORT OF PROVINCIAL SOLDIERS TO RESCUE THE CAPTIVES.

A gallant effort was made by Capt. Alex. Culbertson with his Provincial company of soldiers and Lieut. Jamison with part of Capt. Hance Hamilton's Company from Fort Littleton to rescue the captives by pursuing the savages. A fierce battle was fought at Sideling Hill, in which the Provincials acted with courage and coolness. The Indians were reinforced by a second party under Shingas during the fight, and the Provincials were repulsed after firing 24 rounds. Twenty-one were killed and eleven wounded, whose names we have inscribed on the monument which we have dedicated today. I regret that the names of so few of the victims of the massacre have come down to us. The *Maryland Gazette* for April 29, 1756, gives the list of victims among the Provincial soldiers as inscribed on the monument, viz.:

KILLED.

Captain Alexander Culbertson	Robert Kerr
Ensign John Reynolds	William Chambers
William Kerr	Daniel McCoy
James Blair	James Robertson (Tailor)
John Layson	James Robertson (Weaver)
William Denny	James Peace
Francis Scott	John Blair
William Boyd	Henry Jones

Jacob Paynter
Jacob Jones

John McCarty
John Kelly
James Lowder

WOUNDED.

Lieut. Jameson
Abraham Jones
Francis Campbell
William Reynolds
John Barnett
Benjamin Blyth

Isaac Miller
John McDonald
William Hunter
Matthias Ganshorn
William Swailes

The *Gazette* states that John Lowry killed an Indian at the fort and that Mary McCord was shot by the fire of the Provincial troops; also that during the battle the wife of John Thorn with a child at her breast, two of William McCord's daughters and a little boy made their escape and got to Fort Littleton. After the battle the savages cut off the head of James Blair and pitched it into the lap of Mrs. McCord, telling her it was the head of her husband. But she knew that was not the case. The Provincial authorities sought to check the Indian savages by offering bounties for scalps of old and young, and for prisoners also. But that was a game that both parties could play, and had little or no effect. The massacres went on with relentless fury. The Delaware Indians were outlawed because of their massacres and treachery. A price of \$700 was set on the heads of Shingas and Jacobs by the Provincial authorities. In the latter part of July, four months after the Fort McCord massacre, these two chiefs, with 20 Frenchmen and 100 Indian warriors, captured Fort Granville on the Juniata, where Lewis-town is located now. This was done through the treachery of a man named Turner, who with one Brandon hoped to gain favor by professing to be Roman Catholics. In this they miserably failed. Brandon was tomahawked and scalped on the march and Turner burned at the stake after being terribly tortured at Kittanning. It was felt that the rendezvous whence these marauding parties went out on their murdering raids at Kittanning must be destroyed at all hazards.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE INDIAN RENDEZVOUS AT KITTANNING.

Col. Armstrong set out from Carlisle in the latter part of August, 1756, for this purpose with 300 Provincial troops. On September 7th he surprised the Indian town and killed Capt. Jacobs and about forty warriors, destroyed the magazine containing a large amount of French goods, arms and ammunition, and rescued eleven English prisoners. It was a dearly bought victory, however. In the companies of Capts. Armstrong, Hamilton, Mercer, Ward, Potter and Steele fifteen were reported killed and the same number wounded, including Col. Armstrong and Capt. Hugh Mercer. Annie McCord, the wife of John McCord, and Martha Thorn (seven years old), taken at Fort McCord, were among the captives recovered. Dr. Mercer was deserted by his party, and after fourteen days' trudging through the wilderness, living mainly on the flesh of a rattlesnake, he reached Fort Littleton. Afterwards Dr. Mercer was appointed Major General during the War of American Independence, and was killed while gallantly leading his troops at the battle of Princeton.

The Cumberland Valley was almost desolated by Indian raids. Over three hundred wagons of pioneer settlers passed through Frederick, Md., in one day, fleeing from the blood-thirsty savages. It was the boast of the Indians that they had killed fifty white people to every one of their own number slain during the war. Thus the pioneer settlers were harassed for over three years as the result of Braddock's blunders. In 1758 Gen. John Forbes, with Col. Henry Bouquet as his right hand man, and other lieutenants, like Cols. Burd and Washington, cut a direct road from Fort Bedford to Fort Duquesne, drove the French from the forks of the Ohio and established Anglo-Saxon supremacy in the Mississippi Valley. After the death of Gen. Forbes, a few months later, Col. Bouquet held the command of frontier forces for seven eventful years. He was the best officer England ever had in America. The more his character and career are examined, the grander they become.

My Christian friends! From what I have said it is very evident that one of the most tragic and pathetic events of pio-

neer days took place where we are assembled today. One hundred and fifty-eight years ago, on the first of last April, the demoniac sound of the Indian warhoop echoed from this mountain gap across the Cumberland Valley, where peace and prosperity reign today. Men, women and children were ruthlessly slain and scalped by the bloodthirsty Indians, including the young mother with her unborn babe. As they hastily retreated through yonder gap, a young girl, who showed signs of not being able to stand the journey through the wilderness, was tomahawked and scalped. Who can describe the horror and anguish of that dreadful day? Soon afterward a young woman, on her way to church on the Lord's day, not far from here, was killed, scalped and horribly mangled. We owe a boundless debt of gratitude to those heroic pioneers, those Scotch-Irish and German-Swiss settlers who bore the brunt of savage warfare in the Lehigh, the Lebanon, the Juniata, the Cumberland and Shenandoah Valleys during the French and Indian War of 1755 to 1762, and the Pontiac War of 1763 and 1764. This Fort McCord massacre is linked with some of the most stirring chapters of American history, as I have imperfectly shown both in its antecedent and subsequent events.

As I have declared in times past, I regard it as a religious and patriotic duty to cultivate a reverent historical spirit. Because the most sacred elements of religion and patriotism were enshrined in the capitol of the covenant people, the pious and patriotic Jew hung his harp on the willows by the rivers of Babylon and exclaimed: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Franklin county has made a good start at conserving historical resources too long neglected by our old Keystone commonwealth. The good work must go on. We expect to mark the sites of Fort McDowell and Fort Loudon also, if the adjacent communities will duplicate our gifts for those memorial projects. It is high time that a spot like Fort McCord, hallowed by the blood of innocent martyrs and historically associated with some of the heroic founders of

the Republic, should be marked with monumental structures. In other parts of our land this would have been done one hundred years ago. All honor to the Enoch Brown Association, the Pennsylvania Historical Commission and public spirited citizens of Franklin county, whose patriotism and liberality have brought this Fort McCord memorial project to a successful conclusion. They have kept the first commandment with promise. They have honored father and mother, the parents of our Christian civilization, the founders of Church and State in this new world. They have remembered the days of old with grateful reverence, and may the richest blessings of the mighty God of Abraham, the covenant-keeping Jehovah, rest upon their labors.

Those Provincial soldiers, who fell in a gallant effort to rescue friends and neighbors from savage activity, went not forth to battle, at the behests of selfish and despotic rulers, as millions of poor, dumb, driven cattle are doing on the plains of Europe for conquest or military glory today. They went in the interest of suffering and helpless humanity, and deserve to be enrolled among the heroes and benefactors of mankind. The same remark applies to Col. Bouquet and his campaigns of 1763-4. They were to rescue frontier garrisons and hundreds of pioneer settlers surrounded by bloodthirsty savages in Forts Bedford, Ligonier and Pitt. May this monument with its memorial tablet inspire the coming generations to emulate the example of the hardy pioneers, the brave men and women of old, who came to this new world for the sake of religious principle, and were true to the high behests of a conscious enlightened by the Word of God as they carved out homes for themselves and posterity from the wilderness amid savage beasts and savage men. With a great price we obtained our freedom. Oh, the toil, the tears and blood that it cost our Anglo-Saxon race to establish the principles of constitutional liberty. How thankful we ought to be for the peace and prosperity that we enjoy in our favored land, while all the great military powers of the old world are destroying each other in the most terrible war that has afflicted and disgraced the human race since the foundation of the world.

Heroic sentiment is the very lifeblood of civil and religious liberty. We cultivate it by honoring the memory of hardy pioneers in history and song; by erecting monumental structures that remind us of their fidelity to truth and duty in the face of danger and death. Wherever brave men and women have suffered or fallen in the cause of human progress or Christian civilization, that is holy ground.

"A shrine to code nor creed confined,
A delphian vail, a Palestine, a Mecca of the mind."

Such a shrine we dedicate today. May it be as lasting and inspiring as the grand old mountains at whose feet and in whose shadow it stands; a grand object lesson, teaching coming generations lessons of lofty patriotism, self-sacrificing devotion to truth and duty as the centuries go marching down the corridors of time!

Address of Rev. F. M. Wood, D. D., of Martinsburg, W. Va.

Following is the address of Rev. F. M. Wood, D. D., on the pioneer Scotch-Irish settlers of the Cumberland Valley, at the dedication of the Fort McCord monument, October 29th, 1914:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :

There is an eminent propriety in the purpose of this assembly to commemorate the worthy deeds and the noble lives of the valorous men and women to whom we are so largely indebted for the liberty which we this day enjoy. It was others who labored. It is we who have entered into their labors. The manly hardihood and the womanly strength of those brave sons and daughters of the wild, untamed forests of this virgin land stand out in bold contrast with the effeminate triflers, the weakling fribbles that wear soft raiment and haunt kings' houses. It were difficult for us to admire too extravagantly the sturdy character of the old Scotch Covenanter, whether he came direct from the shores of Caledonia or passed through the alembic of Ireland's fine atmosphere and came forth a fully fledged Scotch-Irishman. It was the Covenanter spirit that

made him the indomitable force that he was in the conquering of the obstacles that lay so abundantly in his pathway. These people had learned in the fierce struggles of their own country how to suffer. They did not know the meaning of the word surrender. It was not in their dictionaries. But they knew full well their Bible and understood the obligation which it imposed to worship God as He enjoined in that Book. This was dearer to them than earthly ease and prosperity. Persecuted to the death in the home country and forbidden to obey God, they resolutely determined to plunge into the unknown depths of the new-world forests, and to face whatever of danger and hardship this might involve. It was simply a choice between the savagery of so-called Christian treatment at home in the form of deadly persecution and the unvarnished savagery of the Indian of this unfriendly soil. The terrible baptism of fire which they had received there fitted them for the fierce conflicts and sufferings which awaited them here. Owing to the stringent laws against dissenters in the colony of Virginia, these immigrants came into this country very largely through the colony of Pennsylvania, of which William Penn was the proprietary. In accordance with his Quaker principles no persecution was permitted for any cause, much less for religious predilections. Consequently they were very numerous in that province. As they had fled from their native land for the sake of Christ's crown and covenant, they were naturally zealous in making known the honor of His name in the new world. Wherever they went, the church and the school-house went with them. They troubled themselves very little about the distinction between secular and religious education. They saw God in the physical world around them on every hand. They honored Him in all the laws and provisions of nature. For them, nature was simply God's orderly way of doing things. Hence mathematics and chemistry and psychology were to be studied with a profound sense of the God who had established all these laws and adjustments. The divine hand was seen in the geology of the earth, and in the astronomy of the heavens and in the mysteries of the great

deep. Science was that which teaches men how to learn about God. Whilst therefore their curriculum was not so extensive and exhaustive (exhausting) as it is in our day, yet it was truer and more thorough than much that now passes for education. Their learning was not so wide, but it went deeper. To them the Bible was the constant Book of reference. They were—foolish? enough to believe that the Scriptures were really and verbally inspired, and hence were to be believed and obeyed. The *ignis fatuus* of the Higher Criticism—the

“Ignis fatuus that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches”

had not yet laid its presumptuous hands on the divine Book and wrested from it the riches of its stores of true wisdom—the wisdom that is always profitable to direct. The Bible was the *vade mecum* of the preachers in the pulpit, and of the mothers with their children at their knees, and of the fathers and brothers as they toiled with their crude instruments of agriculture in the one hand and their trusty rifles in the other.

It deserves to be noticed that the non-combatant principles of the Quaker settlers of the province served to increase the difficulties of these Scotch-Irish members of the community no little. Their plan of buying off the Indians by means of presents only had the effect of increasing their savage cupidity and of bringing them back with more insolent and rapacious demands which it was impossible to satisfy. And consequently it devolved upon those who refused to be thus imposed upon to resist these inroads and to drive back the bloody hordes who sought to enforce their unrighteous demands with the tomahawk and the scalping knife. There is no doubt that our government has dealt unjustly with the red man in this country in the days since then. But all honor to the brave men and the women as brave as the men, who wrested this mighty continent from the murderous grasp of the savage, who had demonstrated his unfitness to be its lord-paramount, as completely as the Canaanite forfeited his title to the land flowing with milk and honey. It is God's expressed law that from him

that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath. The white man demonstrated his capacity to possess the land and develop it by the energy of his bold initiative and his power to subdue the rugged mountains and the far-reaching valleys with their rivers and lakes. To his industry and perseverance in the face of greatest discouragements is due the high civilization which makes our land today the envy of the nations of the world, and our free republican government and our institutions the admiration of all thinking men. But not only were these Scotch-Irish of the Cumberland Valley heroic in their determination to conquer the Indian, but they played a very noble part in winning the independence of the colonies from the grasp of the mother country when she was bent upon withholding from them that which they felt to be their righteous due. When the bugle call to arms was heard, no men in all the wide country were more prompt than they to respond. And right valiantly did they prove their claim to the confidence of the great leaders in that great conflict. The solidity of the Scotch character held in solution with the mercurial temperament of the Irishman, and the compound sweetened by the infusion of the gospel and purified in all its parts, has given to the world a people whom it may ever delight to honor. Everywhere that he goes the Scotch-Irishman carries his own credentials with him. The nature of the man is read in his very face. It tells of force, of determination, of courage to battle with adversity in whatever form it may confront him.

Whilst the intolerant churchmen in lower Virginia were unwilling to allow these dissenting Christians to come among them and to have their own worship in their own way, they were yet not unwilling to allow them to settle along the north-western border of their territory in the Shenandoah Valley and to protect them from the raids and ravages of the Indians who were a constant menace to them. It were vain to expect men of the temper of these hardy pioneers to accept any truckling terms of compromise in the matter of their religious rights. Toleration was an offense to them little less to be despised than outright intolerance. Whether it were Henry the

Eighth or Bloody Mary or Laud or the brutal Jeffries or their satellites on this side of the Atlantic that held the rod of vengeance over their heads, the answer, once and always, rang out clear and distinct, "We will not worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

From these men, whom we are proud to call our forefathers, we may be glad to learn the lesson of loyalty to our God and theirs, and to place religious principle far above all matters of policy and popularity. "Deny thyself and take up thy cross daily and follow Me." Be true to God and God will be true to thee. "Them that honor me I will honor, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." Another lesson should impress itself indelibly upon our deepest nature, that is the solemn obligation to preserve intact the precious heritage which their sufferings procured for us and which they have handed down to us to keep forever. Our religious and political blessings are far too valuable to be lightly lost or foolishly thrown away or bartered for naught. Never sun shone on brighter, better land than this which has been won for us, not with our sword or with our bow, but by the weapons of the brave men of another day—the men who trod these hills and valleys before our eyes were permitted to behold the light of day. Let us not be like Ephraim, who, being armed and carrying bows, turned back in the day of battle. We are beset with foes on the right hand and on the left. A blatant infidelity is striving with all diligence to deprive us of our inheritance in our covenant God. Spurious pretensions are made in the name of religion, which many are vociferously hawking upon our streets and in the highways. Yea, even the pulpit is profanely subsidized to give publicity and character to these religious wares and profits to the charlatans who are fattening upon the proceeds. Surely it behooves us to be well upon our guard and not to allow ourselves to be cheated of our heritage! God forbid that we should be either dupes or traitors to our trust!

Remarks of Dr. Thomas L. Montgomery.

It is to be hoped that we do not come here today with any smug idea of our superiority as compared with the men of long ago. In the eyes of the Creator we are very little better than they whose sufferings from Indian depredations are enumerated here today, and very little better than the Indians themselves.

When the little bands of emigrants came through this valley, seeking the privilege to worship God as they chose and to have an opportunity of earning a living, they brought with them a courage coupled with industry, which has been characteristic of their descendants to this day. Penn alone, however, kept his contract with the Indians and was rewarded by a long period of friendly relations with them. It was many years after this that any advancement in establishing schools for the benefit of the public at large was made, although there were numerous private schools. The old log college which a distinguished gentleman has extolled, with Mark Hopkins at one end of the bench and himself at the other, was doubtless effective in its way, but there were not enough Mark Hopkins to go around, neither were there enough Muhlenbergs. It is not until the third of the nineteenth century had passed that free public schools were authorized, and this was due almost entirely to the pertinacity of one man who had persuaded one Governor of the desirability of such schools and then had to witness his defeat by the opponents of free education. He then had to convince the man who had been elected upon a platform opposing such schools. Higher education, such as we know it, received practically its first impetus when Benjamin Franklin and his associates prevailed upon the authorities of the Academy at Philadelphia to develop that which is now known as the University of Pennsylvania. With the advancement of the inhabitants of the state there developed an interest in its past history, and we have many institutions which deserve greatest credit for preserving the early records, together with the correspondence of important people, and in maintaining

libraries and museums for the prosecution of this research. The influence of most of such institutions was local until there was established a Federation of Historical Societies, which has its meeting annually in Harrisburg. The proceedings of this Federation include a list of all papers published by the various historical societies during the year, a report upon the archives of the different counties and of the state and a list of books which have been published during the year which are of interest to Pennsylvanians as such. There was no co-ordinated effort to mark the places of historical importance, however, until Governor Tener appointed the Historical Commission in 1913. In 1896 there was a report made by a Commission to locate the sites of frontier forts of the state. This Commission's report was a valuable one, and recommended, among other things, that the various localities of the several frontier forts be marked by the state, with appropriate inscriptions. Nothing came of the matter, however, and it was left for the several societies and the honorary associations to do the best they could with their own resources.

The Commission includes members representing the German influences, the Scotch-Irish, Indian, Society of Friends, and the English. This Commission is engaged in making a survey of the state, which will indicate what has been done and what may be done to properly commemorate important events in the state's history.

It seems appropriate that the Commission should take part in this celebration to mark one of the most important outposts in the war with the Indians. All evidence as to the exact positions of these forts has passed away, and it is therefore a distinct satisfaction to us to assist in placing this beautiful memorial upon the site of Fort McCord as a testimonial of our appreciation of the sufferings and trials of the hardy people who did so much towards the developing of this beautiful valley.

Address of Dr. George P. Donehoo, of Coudersport, Pa.

Dr. Donehoo said, in part:

Ladies and Gentlemen :

Judge Gillan has used all that I had intended saying about Mary Jemison and her relation to the trail which passed this point; Dr. Cort has fully covered all of the data antecedent and subsequent to the massacre at this place—so I am cast out on the trail to go wherever I please in my historical meanderings. I am reminded of an incident which seems appropriate to the case in which I find myself. A young lawyer had been rambling around in the mazes of what he supposed was an argument for several hours. He turned to the Judge in the case and said: "I hope that your Honor is following me." The Judge replied: "Young man, I have been trying to follow you, but I am so tired of the attempt that I would leave you right now if I could possibly find my way back to the place we started from several hours ago." So, ladies and gentlemen, if you find that it is impossible to follow me in my remarks, I hope you will, at least, be able to find your way back to where we started, at Fort McCord.

I fully agree with all that has been said by the various speakers which have preceded me, concerning the importance of the influence of the Scotch-Irish in winning this once trackless wilderness from savagery and barbarism. What hardships they had to endure! What sufferings they were called upon to bear! What heroic endeavor they had to put forth! What romance clustered about the days when the blue ranges of these mountains were filled with ever present, lurking dangers, as the tide of Anglo-Saxon civilization was just commencing to lap the foothills of this almost unknown country. I glory in all which has been done by the Scotch-Irish and the German pioneers to make this glorious region what it now is. I am proud of the noble Scotch-Irish who brought their Westminster Confession to the cabins along these "Endless Mountains" and who helped hew out of the forests the empire which now sweeps to the setting sun. My own ancestors belonged to this

race and they lived in the Cumberland Valley. The Swans, the Ramseys, the Shields, the Pattersons and the Donehoos helped in every expedition against the Indians in this region. But there is another side to the story of this most thrilling epoch in American history. The Indian is pictured as a savage barbarian, killing for the mere lust of killing. Let us remember that he was fighting for his native land against its invaders, just as the people of Belgium are now fighting against the invaders of their land. War is always pitiless. It was pitiless in 1756; it is pitiless in 1914. The massacres of 1756 and the massacres of 1914 are alike evidences of the same savage spirit in man, red, white or black. A history of the present European war written by a German would hardly agree with the history of the same war written by a Frenchman. There are always at least two points of view. A history of the French and Indian War written by a Scotch-Irishman is not apt to present the Indian in a very attractive light. A lion once looked at a picture in which men were slaughtering lions *ad libitum* and said, "Ah, if lions could only paint." So it might be said when the Indian reads the story of the various massacres, in which the Indian is always in the wrong, "Ah, if Indians could only write history." Wrongs were done the Indian in 1756, as wrongs are still done the Indian in 1914. His lands were stolen, he was cheated and debauched by his white foes, just as he is today in Oklahoma and Alaska. For nearly a century after the landing of William Penn the Indians were at peace with the white man. Pennsylvania is the only region on the face of the earth which was won from savagery without the use of a fort or an army. It was not until the white man took up the sword that he had to perish by the sword or scalping knife. Penn's "Frame of Government" is a proof of what peace can do to win men. But William Penn was several hundred years in advance of his day. We are not up to his ideals yet. War is always a curse to humanity, even if good may ultimately spring out of the devastation and bloodshed which is war's legitimate work. The Indian appealed to the government in vain, and then he carried his appeal to the

last court of man, savage and civilized, the grim and pitiless court of arms. The methods of procedure in this court are never tender. The mailed-hand of the Belgian and the naked-finger of the Indian never fall upon the heads of the invaders of man's rights with the gentle touch of benediction. Let us not forget this fact when we have to deal with these days when men were thrown into the arena to fight. The Indian was no better and no worse than all men of all races have been when the primeval savage in man is aroused.

But I am not here to plead for the Indian, or to attempt to try to right the wrong which has been done to him in history, but simply to try to present some facts as to the real value of historic investigation in arriving at a just estimate of any human movement, or of any human action. History is nothing but a record of the experiences and actions of men. A short time ago I heard a man of education and culture say, in effect, that he cared nothing for history; that his eyes had always been turned to the future and to the living present. As though history was a thing of no real value, because it was delving in the past, instead of being concerned with the living things of the present. Such talk as that is shallow. How can a man understand the present, how can he build for the future, without a knowledge of the past? The present and the future are builded upon the past. Man is not a creature of today, dropped suddenly out of the blue sky. He is a creature of the ages which have gone by. His trail does not suddenly commence with today, like that of a worm dropped out of the clouds. His pathway leads from where he stands back into the dim horizon of the past, as well as into the unknown future. It has led from somewhere to where he now stands, just as truly as it leads onward from where he stands, looking into the mists of the just as unknown future. He can follow his trail into the unknown future with firm steps and with a heart unafraid only as he knows the way he has travelled. I remember when I walked over the trail which leads over the summits of these mountains to the "Beautiful River," of how I looked ahead to the dim ridges of mountains along the western horizon, and

felt how impossible it was for me to scale those heights. They seemed so far away and so high. Then I looked back to the dim ridges along the eastern sky, over which I had walked, and I knew that I could do it. Faith of any sort is a thing which has to rest upon the past. Not simply religious faith, but building faith of any kind. H. C. Frick is not a sentimentalist. He is a practical business man. Yet when he builded the "Frick Building" in Pittsburgh, he did not lay its foundations upon the top dirt of the present, but dug down deep below all of the present deposits to the bed-rock formation. Now that was "ancient history" of a very practical kind. The great trouble with many of our social schemes, our political experiments, our "new theology" of to-day is that these are built upon the upper crust of dirt, upon the shifting sands, and not upon bed-rock. You might just as well try to build a huge sky-scraper upon the deposits of today as to try to build any sort of a social, moral, educational or religious system upon the impressions and sentiments of this super-hysterical epoch. Of course it always appeals to the gallery to decry anything which has to do with "high-brows" in religion, philosophy or politics, and to appeal to the mob for practical, worth-while things of the common people. That is mere popular truck, fit only for the dung heap. Every petty "new discovery" of modern sociology, religion, philosophy or politics which seems to be so new and so valuable was probably exploded ages ago. The wise statesman, the trustworthy theologian, the just lawyer is the one who knows the past. All that we have in our religion, in our judicial courts, in our political life which is worth while is so because it rests upon the solid foundations of the past. What would we have in our system of legal procedure without the Magna Charta and the Common Law? The Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the New Testament, the Law of Moses—these are things which have to do with the past. I once heard of an evangelist of the very modern type who was pitching into theology and scholarship, say: "These high-brows study Hebrew and Greek before they can preach the Gospel, but the Apostle

Paul spoke the good, old English language, and that is good enough for me." And evidently it was. Not one of these modern types of a superficial religion could know a single fact of the history or a single word of the message of God's love but for the patient toil of the "high-brows" who have brought these treasures of the past to the light of men. I am just as much in favor of the things which have to do with today and tomorrow as any man living. But today rests upon yesterday, and that is history. What I did yesterday is history today, and what I am doing today will be history tomorrow. Life is not a disconnected thing, but a united whole. My yesterdays are a part of my todays, and that is all that history is. The Indian trail which runs past Fort McCord did not start here. It was connected with a great trail which ran over the mountains and rivers into the distant horizon of the North Land. It came from somewhere, and it ran past here to somewhere. *You* did not start here. The trail over which you are walking commenced back in the mountains of Scotland, or in the dark forests of Germany, and it will lead on over these mountains to the land of the future—somewhere. Institutions, systems, nations, churches, arts, sciences—individuals are builded upon the past. The Man of Galilee was as practical in His work as the most practical modernist, and yet His whole system was founded upon a promise made ages before He was born, and upon a system of laws dating back to Moses. He knew the past, and He builded in the present for all time. The cross on Calvary was founded upon the Rock of Ages. Christianity is history. The Light which shines the farthest into the future is the Light which shines the farthest into the past. Every light shines as far behind us as it does in front of us, unless we get behind the light and shut out its rays.

The young people of this day who will maintain the institutions of this land of ours are the ones who know its history. The study of history is a practical duty which we owe to the future. There is not a boy here today who will not be more interested in his native county because he knows more of the history which took place in it. History a sentimental thing?

History not a practical thing? It is the most practical thing in the world. It makes today what it is. It will make tomorrow what it is to be. I can take up my trail over the mountain peaks of life with heart unafraid, because I *know* who has guided the footsteps of humanity in the past, and am persuaded that He will still lead on.

I thank you for your attention, and trust that you may be able to trace your way back to where we started.

Chas. M. Deatrick's Verses, (in Part).

The following is a short extract from the three hundred lines contained in the verses of Charles M. Deatrick, written for the Fort McCord Dedicatory Services:

LOCATION IN MEMORIAL FORT McCORD.

Upon this lovely North Mountain pillow
Fit for this region's head to rest ;
This valley with its peaceful homes
And schools and churches blest,
Saint Thomas joins North Hamilton,
Letterkenny writes it on the map.
Fringed with gorgeous, scenic beauty,
From Parnell's Knob to Keefer's Gap.

Charming diversity of forest, the autumn gleam
Throws gorgeous shadows o'er Denny's stream,
And when the moonbeams tinge the trees,
Pioneers thought of peace to live in scenes like these.
Here friends of freedom sought repose,
From warrior fields of vanquished foes :
Settlers' joys and sorrows mingled here ;
Till hope's bright wings were checked with fear.

Emboldened with victory, warfare's dread,
Came savage foes, the murderous tread,
Sank in the wailing for the dead.
All shivered was the Scotch-Irish harp
And burst its every tenderest chord,
Family ties were severed here at old Fort McCord.
Today we would this lesson teach
In Dr. Cort's phrases of memorial speech ;

"The ground is holy where they fell,
 And where their mingled ashes lie;
 Christian people, mark it well
 With native column strong and high.
 And cherish well for evermore:
 The storied wealth of early years,
 The sacred legacies of yore,
 The toils and trials of pioneers."

Description of Fort Frederick, Md., by W. McCulloh Brown.

The following letter came too late for the Enoch Brown Memorial Services, August 4, 1914:

BALTIMORE, MD., AUGUST 1, 1914.

REV. CYRUS CORT, D. D., OVERLEA, MD.:

DEAR SIR—I regret that I cannot be with you at Greencastle, Pennsylvania, on August 4th, and give my aid in increasing the general public interest in observing historical events, and in caring for and preserving objects of historical value.

You ask me for a short description of "Fort Frederick," and what the Maryland State Board of Forestry (of which I am a member) is doing to acquire the property for the State.

Around the Colonial period of 1750–1760 the rival claims of England and France to territory lying east of the Mississippi River were at their height, and involved not only the white race, but the Indian tribes, their allies. As the French were rather traders than settlers, and did not want the Indians' lands, the alliances of the latter were largely with the French. The English settlers occupying the Atlantic coast were forced to defend themselves, and a number of frontier forts had to be built. General Braddock's defeat in 1755 was probably the cause of the location and building of the stone fort by Horatio Sharpe, Colonial Governor of Maryland, near the Potomac River, which he named "Fort Frederick," after the Sixth Lord Baltimore.

On March 22, 1756, the Maryland Assembly passed a Bill, "Providing for the raising the sum of forty thousand pounds,

of which eleven thousand were to be used for the erection of a fort." The work was pushed rapidly, and though not finished, it was occupied in the fall of 1756.

Fort Frederick is in Washington county, Maryland, near Big Pool, some twelve miles from Williamsport and about the same distance from Martinsburg, W. Va.

It is rectangular in shape, with diamond-shaped bastions at each corner extending far beyond the main walls. It covers an area of about two acres. There was but one entrance, that being toward the river. The walls are of stone laid in cement, four and a half feet at the base and three feet at the top, and about twenty feet in height. There were two wells within the wall. The fort is upon a knoll on ground rising gradually from the river, which is about a fourth of a mile distant.

The first officer in command was Captain Dagworthy. It is recorded that in 1757 he went to Fort Cumberland, leaving Captain Alexander Beall in control with 250 men.

After the fall of Fort Duquesne in 1758 and the comparative opening up of the country to the west, the necessity of a fort here was lessened, and it gradually fell into disuse, until on December 25, 1762, Governor Sharpe leased the ground, some 140 acres, to Henry Heinzman for the sum of thirty pounds.

The fort was in use again in the Revolutionary War. In December, 1777, Colonel H. Rawlings was instructed to inspect Fort Frederick and prepare it to receive British prisoners. This was done, but no engagement occurred near it. After the Revolution the fort lay unused, until sold by the State of Maryland, September 5, 1791, to Robert Johnson for three hundred and seventy-five pounds.

During the Civil War, 1861-1865, the old fort was once again brought into service, and was occupied by General Kenly, and a cannon mounted to defend a bridge and its approach upon the Virginia side of the Potomac.

I quote from a recent address of Judge Henry Stockbridge, in which he said: "Today Fort Frederick stands a reminder of three successive wars, covering a period of a century, in two of

which it has given shelter to Maryland troops. Nowhere in this country today is to be found a fortification of the Colonial period in better preservation. Its walls stand now almost as they did when Washington and Governor Sharpe conferred within their shadow. The sole occasion for regret and almost shame is that Fort Frederick has not long since been reclaimed and held by the State of Maryland as its especial property, reserved from the vandalism of the passerby, a Mecca to which the sons and daughters of Maryland can pay their pilgrimages, and amid surroundings and memories of the noblest character renew their fealty and allegiance to their native land."

By Act of the Maryland Legislature of 1912 the sum of \$8,500 was appropriated and placed in the hands of the State Board of Forestry for the purchase of Fort Frederick, which was then to be used as a State Park and reserve. As the fort and the 189½ acres of land surrounding it had been sold under foreclosure proceedings in January, 1911, for the sum of \$7,-864.25, the sum appropriated would have appeared adequate, but the desire of the State to once more become the possessor has so raised the value of the property in the estimation of the present owner that we have been unable to come to terms within the ability of the Board of Forestry to meet.

The Board of Forestry will not give up the effort to acquire this property for the State and her citizens.

The Maryland Conservation Association is deeply interested, and quite likely the Fort Frederick Protective Society, which was chartered under Chapter 473½ of the Acts of the Maryland Legislature of 1906, will be asked to become actively interested. The charter members were Hon. Edwin Warfield, Miss Leonore Hamilton, Ferdinand Williams, Douglas Thomas, William J. Witzenbacher, Robert R. Henderson, James Shriver and Alexander Armstrong, Jr., and their successors.

Their charter recites: "That said corporation shall have power to acquire by gift, devise, lease, purchase or condemnation the land in Washington county, Maryland, upon which the stone structure known as Fort Frederick now stands."

I am hoping that the above Society will meet in Hagerstown before long, and that they will organize for active work.

Unfortunately the hands of the Forestry Board are tied by the limited amount of our appropriation, but the Fort Frederick Society may be able to arrange for the purchase, or condemn, and hold until such time as the State can take it over.

Very truly yours,

W. McCULLOH BROWN.

N. B.—The difference in size of the Fort Frederick tract, as stated by Senator Brown and Judge Stockbridge, arises from the fact that about fifty acres have become detached from the original tract by modern improvements along the Potomac River.—[NOTE BY C. CORT.]

The Corporal Rihl Monument.

On June 22, 1886, the 23rd anniversary of his death, the remains of Corporal Wm. H. Rihl, the first soldier killed on northern soil during the Civil War, were re-interred, near Greencastle, Pennsylvania, with appropriate services. The following dedicatory address was delivered before a large assemblage at the site of the monument, over the open grave, by Rev. C. Cort. An appropriation of \$500.00 from the State of Pennsylvania with contributions from patriotic citizens, churches, etc., enabled the G. A. R. Post to erect the monument during the ensuing year.



Monument of Corporal Wm. H. Rihl, the First Union
Soldier Killed on Northern Soil.

Dedicatory Address by Rev. Cyrus Cort.

Fellow Citizens and Members of the Grand Army of the Republic :

Decent burial is a sacred duty which the living owe the dead. It is a boon which the human heart instinctively craves. In Ecclesiastes 6: 3 we are taught that the greatest earthly honor and prosperity cannot compensate for the lack of burial, and that we had better not be born than to end our career without burial. In all ages the sepulchres of the departed, especially of those who have done good service, in church or state, have been cherished by pious and patriotic souls. Nearly 4,000 years ago the first specie payment recorded in history was made for a place of burial. Abraham, the father of the faithful and the friend of God, paid the children of Heth 400 shekels of silver, current money of the merchant, that he might possess, in fee simple, a sepulchre for his beloved Sarah. There the aged patriarch himself was afterward buried. There his son Isaac and wife Rebecca were buried. Thither Jacob was borne by Joseph from Egypt and buried with his fathers. Around the closely guarded sepulchre at Hebron in the Cave of Machpelah the tenderest memories of forty centuries cluster. Not only 12 millions of Jews, the children of Abraham according to flesh, but 160 millions of Mohammedans and 400 millions of Christians, constituting together the historic, aggressive part of the human race, do reverent homage at the common sepulchre of the patriarchs with whom the great Jehovah established an everlasting covenant.

Among the most civilized heathen nations there has been a corresponding sentiment. Not to receive the rite of burial was looked upon as a terrible calamity. The spirit or shade of the departed could not rest, it was supposed, or enter into the Elysian fields, until the body had, in some way, received the rite of sepulture.

Wars were fierce and cruel in the extreme when the conquerors refused the vanquished the privilege of interring their fallen comrades. The fierce democracy of Athens, under the instigation of unprincipled demagogues, consigned to death six

admirals, the most illustrious men of the republic, because, after their great naval victory at Arginusa, they had failed, on account of a sudden tempest, to recover and bury the bodies of some of the Athenian seamen who had lost their lives in the engagement. Many other examples might be cited from sacred and profane history to show how the foremost nations that have marched in the vanguard of human progress have always regarded it as a pious and patriotic duty to give decent and honorable burial to the remains of the departed, to those especially who stood as personal representatives of important events and of great principles. We are too near the Eastertide not to remember how the grateful Mary anointed the blessed Master with the alabaster box of costly ointment for His burial; and how Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus embalmed His crucified body with one hundred pounds of fragrant spices, and bore it to the garden and laid it in a new sepulchre in which never man had yet lain. Nor can we forget how devout men carried Stephen, the first Christian martyr, to his burial and made great lamentation over him. The catacombs of Rome still bear witness to the reverence of early Christian martyrs for the sepulchres of the departed and the full assurance of a glorious resurrection and a blessed immortality in the world to come.

Well does it accord, therefore, with the noblest instincts of our human nature and the precepts of our holy religion, my Christian friends and countrymen, to engage in the solemn services which claim our attention at this time. We are here to set apart and dedicate in a formal, public manner this spot, already consecrated by the blood of the patriot hero who fell in the forefront of the battle 23 years ago today. Here Corporal William H. Rihl, the first Union soldier killed on Northern soil, poured out his precious blood in defense of your homes and in behalf of the cause of constitutional liberty and union. Here he died that the nation might live. A year ago, within two miles of this spot, we dedicated a park and two granite monuments to the memory of Enoch Brown and eleven scholars who fell as pioneer martyrs in the cause of Christian edu-

cation and civilization 122 years ago. Today we inaugurate a similar work in behalf of the pioneer martyr of the Union army who fell and baptized with his precious blood the soil of the free and loyal North. These are sacred historic spots in the bosom of Mother Antrim, where pilgrim patriots and students of history will love to linger in ages yet to come. It is eminently right and proper that we should dedicate this spot as the final resting place of him who here gallantly stood in the breach to repel the invaders from our borders and who here gave his young life a sacrifice upon the altar of our beloved country.

"But," as President Lincoln remarked in his immortal speech at the dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery, November 19, 1865, "in a large sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far beyond our power to add or detract." Yes, my friends, "the ground is holy where he fell," and it simply remains for us, in a formal way, to give public expression and practical effect to that which was done by the gallant men of the Lincoln Cavalry twenty-three years ago today.

Therefore, in behalf of a grateful and patriotic people, in behalf of the Fleming family, who lately owned this land, invoking the blessing of Almighty God upon our country and its defenders through all coming time, we do now set apart this hallowed, historic spot from all common and secular use and dedicate it as the last resting place of Corporal William H. Rihl, who consecrated it with his blood and his valor twenty-three years ago. We dedicate it further as the fitting site of an enduring monument to be erected under the auspices of Corporal Rihl Post, No. 438, G. A. R., to perpetuate his memory and that of the historic event here transacted through all coming generations.

Comrades of the patriotic hero, members of the Grand Army of the Republic, take it, cherish it, and cease not in your efforts until a monument, as lasting as the grand old mountains that look down in majesty upon us, shall mark this

sacred spot and fitly crown your noble endeavors. God bless you and prosper the work in which you are now enlisted. Amen.

Response to Address of Dedication by Rev. T. J. Shannon.

In the name and in behalf of my comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, representing as they do all soldiers and sailors who defended the integrity and authority of the nation, I thank you and those whom you represent for this sacred spot in which to consign the remains of our comrade, Corporal William H. Rihl, who consecrated it with his blood and valor in defense of our homes and the Union twenty-three years ago. With the help of God and our public-spirited, liberal-hearted fellow citizens, we, the Corporal Rihl Post, No. 438, of the Grand Army of the Republic, do promise to erect a suitable and enduring monument to mark this historic spot and to perpetuate the memory of our fallen comrade, who was the first to die on Northern soil that the Union of the States of this great Republic might be preserved one and indissoluble.

Rev. F. Klinefelter offered prayer, and Rev. Dr. Crawford, of Chambersburg, also delivered an appropriate address at the grave. A salute of 12 guns was fired. After the re-interment the procession moved to a beautiful grove, where Dr. Chritzman presided. Owing to the absence of the orator of the day (Gen. Gobin, of Lebanon) Dr. Hall, of Altoona, who was with Rihl when he was killed, delivered an eloquent address. Col. Boyd, who commanded the company, was present also. The crowd present at the afternoon services was estimated at about 2,000 people.

By request of one of the committee, Rev. Cort prepared the following poetical epitaph to be inscribed on the Corporal Rihl monument, which for some reason was never done:

"In battle van, at duty's post,
Repelling hence the invading host,
Here fell the youthful hero Rihl,
First Martyr he, on freedom's soil."

Subscriptions of \$2.00 or More to the Fort McCord Memorial Fund.

W. Rush Gillan paid \$25.00.

John Stewart, Charles F. Palmer and T. M. Wood paid \$15.00 each.

J. L. Mish, Eliza Kieffer, C. C. Gelwicks, John G. Orr and Joshua L. Sharpe paid \$10.00 each.

Cyrus Cort, J. Spangler Kieffer, Thomas J. Boyd, J. H. Stoner, Mrs. Cyrus Gelwicks, Mrs. Dr. Clark, H. Denton Kieffer, Mrs. James Shields, C. M. Deatricks, T. J. Brereton, Wm. S. Horner, E. Price Speer, Geo. S. Kieffer and John A. Diehl paid \$5.00 each.

Charles Walter and W. B. Kieffer paid \$3.00 each.

Geo. M. Teagarden, Mrs. T. M. Teagarden and John Goss paid \$2.50 each.

R. K. Mish, Ed. S. Grove, Wm. Harrison, W. K. Skinner, Linn Harbaugh, D. Clinton R. Miller, W. D. Dixon, Nettie Irwin, Agnes Cort Dutrow, Catherine Clippinger, Kitty Young, Mrs. Wm. M. Young, J. M. Drumrine, Harry Strickler, Rev. F. F. Bahner, Dr. Gordon, Seth Dickey and A. B. Lauderbaugh paid \$2.00 each.

Nineteen persons paid \$1.00 each.

Two paid 50 cents each.

The Edenville Grammar School paid \$3.25, through Teacher Shetrone.

In all, a little over \$260.00 were paid in cash to the Enoch Brown Association for the Fort McCord memorial project by individual contributions, including \$23.00 by members of the Association, in addition to the \$250.00 given by the corporation.

The following persons gave one day's hauling with their teams, viz.: Benjamin Martin, W. E. Martin, John W. Bos-sart, Solomon Pugh and Charles Goss.

A half-day's hauling was given by Albert Goss and by Jacob Leedy.

One day of labor was given by Emanuel Weaver, Philip Davis, J. A. Butler, Albert Horn and David Hull.

Cost of the Monument.

The Van Amringe Granite Co., of Boston, Mass., was paid \$120 for the bronze tablet with inscription; the Forbes Granite Co., of Chambersburg, was paid \$607.25 for erecting the monument, the fence, hauling, labor in the quarry, etc., including \$3.08 expressage on the tablet; the brass band, traveling expenses of members of the Association to meetings in Harrisburg, etc., auto for speakers, \$30.80; labor and hauling donated, \$37.00. Total cost of the monument, \$800.00.

Special thanks are due from the Association and community at large to Miss Sarah E. Bossart and S. Z. Hawbecker for aid to Chairman Cort and Treasurer Stoner in securing the pledges and payment of the same to the Fort McCord memorial fund.

The Pennsylvania Historical Commission, through its treasurer, Wm. H. Stevenson, paid the Van Amringe Company \$120, and the Forbes Granite Company \$380 on vouchers furnished by Drs. Cort and Donehoo.

The publication of the Memorial volume, in accordance with the request of the large assemblage at the Enoch Brown Park, August 4, 1914, will require the bulk of the \$200 still in hands of the treasurer of the Enoch Brown Association, J. H. Stoner, Waynesboro. Pa. A large part of this, no doubt, will soon return to the association from the sale of copies not required by the members of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission and persons who paid \$2.00 or more to the Fort McCord memorial fund.

It is the desire and intention of the Association to use any surplus remaining of the \$1,000.00 toward helping to mark the sites of Fort McDowell and Fort Loudon, provided public-spirited citizens will duplicate their offer.

It is to be hoped that all who receive copies of the memorial volume will call the attention of their friends to its value as a contribution to the history of the Cumberland Valley in Colonial times, and thus aid in the sale of the volume and in the future memorial work of the grand old county of Franklin

in behalf of historic scenes, events and personages of pioneer days.

The Van Amringe and Forbes companies did their work promptly and efficiently. Their business relations with the joint committee of the Association and Pennsylvania Historical Commission have been very satisfactory to all parties concerned. Both firms have expressed their grateful appreciation of their treatment and an earnest desire to serve again in any future memorial work that may be undertaken.